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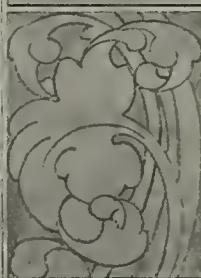
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# WERNER'S READINGS & RECITATIONS

No. **Character**  
**3 Sketches**



EDGAR S. WERNER  
NEW YORK

Published by  
**EDGAR S. WERNER & CO.**  
NEW YORK

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JOHN W. CHURCHILL



WERNER'S

READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

No. 3.

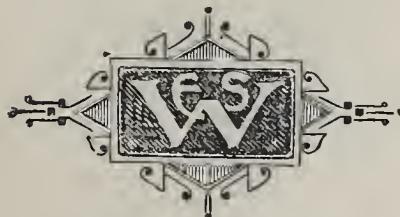
ORIGINAL CHARACTER SKETCHES

BY

GEORGE KYLE

AND

MARY KYLE DALLAS.



EDGAR S. WERNER & COMPANY

NEW YORK

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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Alphabetical Sermon.—George Kyle.....	28
Anatomical Tragedian, The.—George Kyle.....	9
At the Altar.—Mary Kyle Dallas .....	113
At the Rug Auction.—Henry Baldwin .....	124
Aunt Betsy on Marriage.—Mary Kyle Dallas.....	46
Aunty Doleful's Visit.—Mary Kyle Dallas.....	81
Aurelia's Valentine.—Mary Kyle Dallas.....	121
Bessie's Dilemma.—Mary Kyle Dallas.....	117
Billy's Pets.—George Kyle.....	14
Broken Dreams.—Mary Kyle Dallas.....	36
Burglar's Grievances, The.—George Kyle .....	3
Catching the Cat.—Margaret Vandegrift.....	170
Caught.—K. E. Barry.....	169
Classical Music.—George Kyle.....	29
Cleopatra's Protest.—Edward L. Keyes.....	175
Corianna's Wedding.—Mary Kyle Dallas.....	74
Dawn on the Irish Coast.—John Locke.....	146
Delancey Stuyvesant and the Horse-Car.—George Kyle.....	5
Dentist and Patient.—George Kyle.....	28
Different Ways of Saying Yes.....	133
Difficult Love-making.—Will Carleton.....	131
Dream, A.—Mary Kyle Dallas .....	111
Dunderburg Jenkins's "Forty-Graff" Album.—George Kyle.....	24
Dutifuls, The.—Mary Kyle Dallas.....	86
Father Paul.—Mary Kyle Dallas.....	33
Fashionable Hospitality.—Mary Kyle Dallas.....	92
Fashionable Vacation, A.—Mary Kyle Dallas.....	51
Felinaphone, The.—George Kyle.....	26
Fireman, The.—R. T. Conrad.....	152
Fisherman's Wife, The.....	160

	PAGE
Fortune-Teller and Maiden.—Mrs. Mary L. Gaddess.....	158
Frightened Woman. A.—Mary Kyle Dallas .....	99
Good Little Boy and the Bad Little Boy, The.—George Kyle .....	11
Great Man, A.—Mary Kyle Dallas.....	120
Her Fifteen Minutes.—Tom Masson.....	155
Her First Steam-Engine —Mary Kyle Dallas.....	73
Her Heart was False and Mine was Broken.—Mary Kyle Dallas.....	115
Her Preference.....	182
High Art and Economy.—George Kyle .....	20
Hoolahan on Education.—George Kyle.....	8
How Salvator Won.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.....	156
In Amity of Soul.—Mary Kyle Dallas .....	101
Innocent Drummer, The.—Recitation Lesson-Helps by F. W. Adams.....	139
Introduction to Part I.—George Kyle.....	2
Japanese Wedding, A.—Arranged by Sara S. Rice.....	183
Juggler, The.—George Kyle.....	27
Knight and the Lady, The.—Robertson Trowbridge.....	164
Legend of Arabia, A.....	173
Legend of the Willow-Pattern Plate.....	165
Le Mauvais Larrou.—Graham R. Tomson .....	161
Love's Reminiscences.—Mary Kyle Dallas.....	118
Miaouletta.—Mary Kyle Dallas.....	102
Mothers and Fathers: Two Pictures.—Mary Kyle Dallas.....	43
Mr. and Mrs. Popperman.....	150
Mrs. Britzenhoeffer's Troubles.—George Kyle.....	22
Mrs. Piekles wants to be a Man.—Mary Kyle Dallas.....	91
Mrs. Slowly at the Hotel.—Mary Kyle Dallas.....	59
Mrs. Smith Improves Her Mind.—Mary Kyle Dallas.....	67
Mrs. Tubbs and Political Economy.—Mary Kyle Dallas.....	45
Mrs. Winkle's Grandson.—Mary Kyle Dallas.....	52
My First School.....	137
My Love.....	168
My Sweetheart's Baby Brother.—Mary Kyle Dallas.....	94
"N" for Nannie and "B" for Ben.—Mary Kyle Dallas .....	110
Nettie Budd before her Second Ball.—Mary Kyle Dallas.....	79
New Version of a Certain Historical Dialogue, A.—Robert J. Burdette.....	129
Old, Old Story, The.—Mary Kyle Dallas.....	114
On the Beach.....	144
Out of the Bottle.—Mary Kyle Dallas.....	40
Pat's Perplexity .....	148
Paying her Fare.—Mary Kyle Dallas.....	68
Professor Gunter on Marriage.—George Kyle .....	17
Rebecca's Revenge.—Mary Kyle Dallas.....	71

*CONTENTS.*

v

	PAGE
Sad Fate of a Policeman, The.....	128
Scene in a Street Car.—Mary Kyle Dallas.....	70
Simon Solitary's Ideal Wife.—Mary Kyle Dallas.....	85
Slowlys at the Photographer's, The.—Mary Kyle Dallas.....	47
Slowlys at the Theatre, The.—Mary Kyle Dallas.....	53
Statue's Story, The.—Mary Kyle Dallas.....	37
Street Cries.....	152
Suppose.—T. H. Robertson.....	132
Thikled's New Year's Call.....	148
Thoughts at a Party.—Mary Kyle Dallas.....	83
To A. M. Olar: An Old Man's Memories.—Mary Kyle Dallas.....	116
Tragedy at Dodd's Place, The.—Mary Kyle Dallas.....	63
Tried.—Lulah Ragsdale.....	178
Twilight Pastoral, A.....	135
Two Opinions of One House.—Mary Kyle Dallas.....	98
War's Saerifice .....	145
What He Would Give Up.....	136
What the Crickets Said.—Mary Kyle Dallas.....	109
"You Git Up!"—“Joe” Kerr.....	162

## INDEX TO AUTHORS.

---

	PAGE
Baldwin, Henry .....	124
Burdette, Robert J. ....	129
Carleton, Will .....	131
Conrad, R. T. ....	153
Dallas, Mary Kyle. All of part II.....	31-122
Gaddess, Mrs. Mary L. ....	158
Kerr, Joe .....	163
Keyes, Edward L. ....	175
Kyle, George. All of Part I.....	1-30
Locke, John .....	146
Masson, Tom .....	155
Ragsdale, Lulah .....	178
Robertson, T. H. ....	132
Tomson, Graham R. ....	161
Trowbridge, Robertson .....	164
Vandegrift, Margaret .....	170

# CHARACTER SKETCHES

WRITTEN AND SUCCESSFULLY RENDERED

By GEORGE KYLE.

## INTRODUCTION TO PART I.

---

THE various reiterations contained in the following pages, whatever may be their real merit or want of merit, have at least one advantage that will commend them to the performer, whether professional or amateur, viz., they have each and all been tried, not "on a dog," but on audiences of every sort and quality except the lowest, and have all proved successful.

They have each formed a part of my repertoire when I was on the platform a few years ago, and were all subject to a simple but effective rule:

Whenever a new piece failed to "catch on" or receive a hearty encore, I cast it from me into the outer darkness of forgetfulness and oblivion, and those to be found here are only such as I retained for their usefulness in my business.

Those who have been so kind as to speak favorably of my platform work have frequently asked me what course of study I have pursued. To such I have always answered, that, mere vocal culture aside, there is only one true school for a successful entertainer, "nature."

Learn your lines thoroughly, con them until they are as familiar as your own name or the letters of the alphabet, and then try to feel what you are saying. Watch the greatest actors or the most popular comedians, and you will find that naturalness and not any artificial trick is the true source of their success and their superiority over the lesser performers about them.

Be natural, speak as you would to your own mother or brother, and you will find your audience warming to you; but strut and affect unnatural vocal tricks, strained attitudes and gestures, and you will freeze your audience so that even a good thing will not arouse or please them.

Yours sincerely,  
GEORGE KYLE.

# WERNER'S Readings and Recitations.

No 3.

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## THE BURGLAR'S GRIEVANCES.

I AM a decent, hard-workin', persecuted man. When I was a little kid, so inches high, folks used to say to me mother: "Give your boy a good trade and then he won't need to ax no odds ev nobody."

Well, she done it best she knowed how. She put me 'prentiss to a first-class practical burglar fer to learn de perfession. Well, I stayed me time out and worked hard and steady, and got all de points down fine, and what was de good? She might as well ev made a writer er a playactor ev me fer all de good ever I got out ev it. People is always puttin' stumblin'-blocks in me way and hinderin' me.

Why, only last week I was a-lookin' fer work in a gen'leman's house up-town, and I am always keerful not to disturb no one when I am at work; and I'd just raised de scuttle-door as easy and climbed down de ladder as quiet as a mouse, and was just steppin' across de garret floor, when all ev a suddin I stumbled over somethin' in de dark and barked me shin dreadful. And what do you tink?—ef they hadn't gone and left a coal-scuttle right there fer folks to tumble over!

I call dat culpubble negazince; dat's what I call it. Why, I might a broke a arm er a leg and been a cripple and a burden on de community fer de rest of mc life, and den de racket I made woke de old man up and I had to shoot him. See de unnecessary loss

ev life all brought about by leavin' tings around fer folks to stumble over.

Den dere's anodder ting—dat's de false appearances people puts on. De holler French jewelry, de Humphry dimon's, de filled-case watches—de country's flooded wid 'em. Just see how it affects my perfession. You git your eye on a crib—I mean ter say a 'stablishment. De gals is all fixed up fine, de men's all got watches, an dere's silver on de buffit.

Well, you get in wid de cook to see how de rooms lays (and ice-cream is high dis year). You fix it wid de cop to be on de odder end ev his two-mile beat, and dat costs money, not to mention de tools and de time and de indianuty, and maybe after you've cracked de crib all you get is a whole lot of bogus swag dat ain't wort carryin' home. It's tough, I tell you; it takes all de ambition out ev a feller.

Den dere's anodder ting—dat's de late hours people keeps, sittin' up and sittin' up and de lights a blazin' and to all hours ev de night, and de poor burglar waitin' out dere in de rain, maybe in de snow, feelin' so lonely and gettin' his death a cold with de plumbago into his back er layin' de seeds ev a consumption, and dem folks inside a sittin' up and a—oh, it's just disgustin' how selfish people is.

But dere's just one more ting I want ter speak about before I leave you, and dat's burglar-alarms. What do you want burglar-alarms fer? Why don't yer have doctor-alarms, and shoemaker-alarms, and bank-president-alarms? A burglar is only workin' at de trade he was brought up into. Now just see how it affects a feller. You come in de quiet ev de night, maybe de moon is shinin', and you take your jimmy—I mean ter say your James—and you prize open a back shutter say. Den you slip back de ketch ev de sash and begin to recze de winder softly, just little by little so's not to disturb no one; and de moon shines down on yer, and yer soul felt at rest wid itself like, when all ev a suddin—bang! comes a darned old burglar-alarm.

I tell you what it is, if a feller's nerves is weak er his heart's affected, it might give him a turn he'd never get over; and I

wanter say right now, dat if I can't work at me trade widout bein' bullyragged and badgered and hindered at every step, I'll leave it, and go in' de city government er get a charter to lay volcaners under Broadway, and den yez el be sorry yez didn't gimme a chance to work at de trade I was brought up into.

---

## DELANCEY STUYVASANT AND THE HORSE-CAR.

---

I WONDER why fellahs ever wide in horse-cars, fellahs do you know? Some fellahs tell me they wide in the horse-cars evewy day. Say, do you know, if I were to wide in a horse-car evewy day my fewneral would occur in a week, I assure you.

I once wode in a horse-car, did it for a lark, you know. I made a bet at the club, with another fellah. I said [*heroically*], "I will wide in a horse-car." So I went to the corner where I had observed these vehicles and ealled one of them. I said : "Horse-car, horse-car!" but not one of them came, don't-cher-know. And then I observed that fellahs who wode in horse-cars wan after them, don't-cher-know, played tag with them as it were, like the howwid little children when they come out of school. So I pursued one of the strange equipages and at last overtook it.

Well, when I had clambered upon the wear portion of the dwedful eontwivance, I was vewy much fatigued and out of bwath; and as I pawsed to wecover myself an official decowated with strips of various colored card-board, said to me quite woodly, "Come, step inside and make woom for the ladies."

I could see no ladies, weally, only a number of female persons of the lower orders. I hesitated, when some one inside the vehicle ealled out quite loudly, "Come up to the stove," and quite a warin day in October, too, don't-cher-know, and no such appawatus in the vehicle, I assure you.

When at last I forced myself inside the car, I found it quite noi-some, quite squalid don't-cher-know ; and looking about me I could

see nc place to sit down. Evewy seat was occupied, and a large number of persons were dangling from stwaps beside. I turned to the conductor fellah and said, "Where shall I sit? The seats appear to be oceupied by—persons."

The conductor fellah answered quite woodly, "You may sit upon your thumb, if you please." He did, indeed; and when I wemonstwated with him upon the impropriety of telling a gentleman to sit upon his thumb, he told me to seek a place of eternal punishment, just fahncy!

Well, at last I obtained a seat, and the moment I did so the conductor fellah stwode up to me and pwesented a nickel-plated wevolver at my bweast and demanded his fare,—some twifling sum. I assured him that violence was not necessary, and that I was quite willing to pay him without eompulsion. Still arfter I had paid him he pulled the twigger; but, instead of its going bang! as I had expected, it only went ping! don't-cher-know, and no one excepting myself in the vehicle seemed in the least alarmed.

Well, as I weeovered from my surpwise, I looked about me, and weally it was quite howwid, don't-cher-know. Wight opposite me sat persons of the labowing classes, with what I pwesume to be lime on their boots, and tiu cans, which for some mystewious purpose they cawied in their hands; and there was a female person with fish, and a colored person with soiled clothing in a large basket, and a German person with anciend cheese in a bwown paper. But next me there sat a fellah who had been eating garlic, and weally, it annoyed me exceedingly. Now I had wead somewhere—indeed I think it was in the vehicle itself—that if any fellah aunoyed another fellah in the horse-car, he must speak to the conductor fellah; so I addressed that vewy unpleasant official, saying,

"I say, conductor fellah, I wish you would wemove this person: he has been eating garlic quite wecently, and it annoys me exeedingly."

The fellah put his fist under my nose and wemarked, "You will eat that in a few moments if you are not careful!"

I turned to him and wemonstwated. I said, "My dear fellah, you must be aware that you have been eating garlic, and that it makes

you highly objectionable and unpleasant to those about you, and that you weally ought to wesign—get out, don't-cher-know." One of the labowing persons opposite called out most woodly, "Oh, put a head on him, Bill ;" and the other added, "Go on; push his face in."

A moment's weflection convinced me that these wemarks were colloqnalisms of the lower order referring to a personal attack, so I considered that in case of a personal attack I might weceive some contusion or other injury which would not impwove my personal appearwance, so I turned to the fellah and apologized. I said, "I beg your pardon, I'm sure ; I was not aware that it was customawy to eat garlic in the horse-cars, don't-cher-know ;" and he appeared mollified.

Well, at last a most dwedful thing occurred. A female person, an Iwish female person, entered the car and stood wight before me. She had a soiled baby in her arms and the baby held a bit of candy in one of its sticky hands and an owange in the other. I was just wegarding the infant, and wondering why persons of the lower orders were allowed to have such dirty babies, don't-cher-know—why Mr. Bury or Mr. Seary, or some one didn't interfere and put a stop to it ; when, before I could compweehend her intention, she put the dwedful baby wight down upon my knees, wemarking as she did so, "Howld the choild till I git me money out." The awful infant gwasped my scarf in one hand and my eye-glass in the other, and wemarked, "Daddy." Eveyone in the ear laughed.

I dwopped the dwedful infant on the floor, wemarking as I did so, "Conductor, allow me to alight from this infamous vehicle; I cannot endure it a moment longer." And what do you think the conductor fellah said :

"Come, huwwy up, don't keep us waiting all day ;" and when I wemonstwated with him upon the impwopwiety of telling a gentleman to huwwy up, he threw me off the ear. Just fahney!

That is the only time I ever wode in a horse-car.

I wonder why fellahs ever do wide in horse-cars. I should think they would pwefer cabs.

## HOOLAHAN ON EDUCATION.

**L**ADIES AND GENTLEMEN : Allow me to present to you Mr. Michael Hoolahan, a member of the Quarryman's Society, who will repeat his valuable remarks upon education, which were received with such enthusiasm at Hibernia Hill on the evening of the seventeenth of March last. [Change face and manner.]

*Quarrymin and Rockblasters and all others here assimbled:—* This has been a grand day, it has been a glorious day. The whalin' and marchin' and counter-marchin' of the Hohokobolareny Society, of St. Marks' Society, of the St. Bridget's Society, of the St. Luke's Society, of the Macacracara Conceptra, Society of the Ancient Ordher of Hibernians, of the Father Matthew, T. A. B. No. one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen [*choke and cough*]]; but above all and before all and suparior to all, the Quarrymin and Rockblaster Protective and Benevolent Society.

But it is not for self-ugratulation or the like of that that we are assimbled here this evenin'. No, my frinds, but for a few words upon the subject of iddication. Iddication, quarrymin and rockblasters and all others here assimbled. Oi moight remarruk in the wurruds of the most famous of Irish poets, William Shakespeare be name, in the original tongue which was the Gaelic, "Hohoken der holler gush gomorrikin de blist," which translated into the English would rade: [*pauses*] Will—m—m—iddication, there is nothin' like it fur the ould, the young or the middlin' aged, quarrymin and rockblasters, and all others here assimbled.

Oi say to yez all, git iddication, larn your childer iddication, larn thim biology, which traits of plants and how they grow; larn thim chimistry, which dales with numbers and the combinations thereof; larn thim bo-taney, which dales wid the interior construction of mankind and similar subjects; larn thim ostrology, which infarms thim of the rapid transit of Vanus and the revolution of the wurruld upon its axle-tree; and larn thim conkerology and oisterology and bummorology, and a—um—m, a—in fact all the ologies

and all the sciences, and in all manners and on all occasions give thim iddication, quarrymin and rockblasters and all others here assimbled.

One point as to the advantages of iddication before oi lave yez. Oi cam to this country meself a poor boy of fourteen, twinty years ago, and now at thage of fifty-sivin, oi am what oi am [*pause for effect ; goes on impressively*]. And what med me what oi am ? Iddication, iddication, quarrymin and rockblasters and all others here assimbled.

## THE ANATOMICAL TRAGEDIAN.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I presume you have all heard of my great and celebrated master and predecessor, Delsarte, whose analysis of the dramatic art has elevated the work of the actor almost into an exact science, and my intention upon this occasion is to give you in a condensed form the outlines of his great system.

Every human passion or emotion is expressed in the face and form by the flexion and extension of certain muscles, and by no other means.

The passion of love, for instance, is presented by drawing up the corners of the mouth by means of the grinuric muscles, placing both the hands upon the heart, turning in the toes, and opening and shutting the eyes rapidly by means of the winkalous nerves, thus. [*Illustrates.*]

The emotion of fear is simulated by opening the mouth to its fullest extent, turning the eyes as far as possible to the right or left, violently oscillating the knock-kneeic bones, rapidly vibrating the hands with fingers all spread wide so as to present the motion of a fish's tail, thus. [*Illustrates.*]

The passion of jealousy is represented by grasping the chin with the graburic bones of the left hand, and the left elbow in those of the right hand, turning in the toes, working the jaws by means of the chew-glewic muscles and fixing the eyes upon the bridge of the nose, thus. [*Illustrates.*]

Grief is most effectively expressed by turning the back toward the audience, pressing both hands over the eyes, resting the weight upon one limb, bowing the head and regularly raising and lowering the shoulders by means of the shruguric muscles, thus. [Illustrates.]

Scorn or contempt is depicted by folding the arms, drawing down the corners of the mouth, wrinkling up the nose by means of the bad-smellie muscles, and fixing the eyes steadily upon the floor before you, or upon the feet of your adversary, thus. [Illustrates.]

Resignation is best expressed by crossing the arms upon the breast, raising the head, drawing down the corners of the mouth, and rolling up the eyes by means of the sick-catic muscles, thus. [Illustrates.]

Deep thought or meditation is depicted by placing the fore-finger of the right hand upon the thinkurie bone of the forehead just beside the right eye, throwing up the head at an angle of forty-five degrees, with the face turned toward the left, wrinkling up the forehead by means of the frownuric muscles and stretching forth the left hand as though to ward off some object, such as a small boy or a bicycle, thus. [Illustrates.]

But I will best illustrate the great advantages of the Delsartean system by a selection from one of Shakespeare's masterpieces.

I have often regretted the fact that Shakespeare was removed from among us by death, as his early demise lost him the opportunity of witnessing my performances of his work, but we may hope that from his happy abode above he may look down with satisfaction upon my rendition of the creatures of his genius, happy in knowing that at last his work has received full justice.

#### HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

To be, or not to be? that is the question. [Deep thought or meditation.]\*

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer the slings [*throw sling*] and arrows [*draw bow*] of outrageous fortune, or to take arms against a sea of troubles, [*stiff military attitude, as with a gun*] and, by opposing, end them?

To die; [*pantomime of hanging*;] to sleep no more,—and, by a

---

[\* Whenever an emotion is mentioned the performer should assume the attitude and expression described in the burlesque lecture.]

sleep to say we end the heartache, and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation devoutly to be wished. To die ; to sleep—to sleep? perchance to dream, [*picture horror*] ay, there's the rub ; for in that sleep of death what dreams may come, when we have shuffled off this mortal coil, [*taking off coat*] must give us pause [*picture paws*]. There's the respect that makes calamity of so long life. For who would bear the whips and scorns of time ; the oppressor's wrong ; the proud man's contumely ; [*picture contempt*] the pangs of despised love ; [*picture jealousy*] the law's delay ; [*business of handcuffs*] the insolence of office, and the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes ; [*business of kicking*] when he himself might his quietus make with a bare bodkin ? [*Stabbing.*] But that the dread of something after death, that undiscovered country from whose bourne (*burns*) [*express pitch-forking, horns, and jumping about*] no traveller returns, puzzles the will, and makes us rather bear those ills we have, than fly [*business of flying*] to others that we know not of.

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all. [*Picture fear.*] And thus the native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ; [*picture meditation*] and enterprizes of great pith and moment, with this regard, their currents turn awry, and lose the name of action.

Soft you now ! the fair Ophelia. [*Picture love.*] Nymph, in thine orisons be all my sins remembered. [*Picture resignation.*] [*Exit.*]

---

## THE GOOD LITTLE BOY AND THE BAD LITTLE BOY.

I PRESUME you have all occasionally dipped into the sort of literature that is provided for the young by the various Tract Societies and Book Concerns,—the sort of book in which the virtuous lad, by strict attention to the rules and precepts of his worthy parents and Sabbath-school teachers, rises to high distinction in the world, and in which the naughty boy, by his disobedience, falls into grievous trouble, sometimes even into the mill-pond when his depravity leads him to the purloining of birds' nests upon Sunday. I say I suppose you have read these books, but I doubt if any of you have ever seen the little boy intended to be produced by these means.

I will try to put before you the natural product of this class of literature in the character of "The Good Little Boy."

"I am a very good little boy. I never tell stories, I never play truant, I never make loud, rude noises.

"Ah! there is the school-bell, but there is another bell before school begins, so I shall have a chance to reflect. Let me see, do I know all my lessons? Ah, yes, I do not think I can fail in any of them, and that rejoices me with a great gladness. I never would miss a lesson if I could avoid it, for it grieves my teacher and makes my parents' hearts sad if I do not attend diligently to my studies. Besides, knowledge is power; and power is a good thing if we make good use of it, which I shall always do.

"Ah! who would neglect their studies for the sake of idle play? who would not rather acquire information than marbles? For after all, playing at marbles is a sinful game, somewhat resembling gambling, and arousing evil passions in a boy's breast. I have seen one little boy strike another little boy upon the nose when disputing over the game of marbles.

"Ah! how I wish that other little boys could be as I am; and when I see them doing wrong I try to correct them and make them better, and sometimes it gets me into trouble, as upon one occasion when I saw some naughty boys playing a wicked game of base-ball upon the Sabbath. And when I went up to them and plead with them and strove with them, and told them that they would never go to heaven, they called me rude names and cast rocks at me, and put me under the pump and pumped on me; so when I went home, my papa, who discredited my story, whipped me for getting my clothing wet.

"What shall I be when I have grown to be a man? Let me reflect. I will be a wealthy and benevolent merchant and found a woman's hotel. No, I will be a missionary and go to Africa's sunny strand and make the poor, little, black heathen children wear nice warm ulsters and read tracts instead of going about with nothing on [*looks modest*] and eating each other.

"No, now I have it: I will be postmaster of the United States on week-days, and on Sunday I will be superintendent of a Sabbath-school.

“Ah! [listening] there is the second bell, and I must hurry on or I shall be late for school, which would grieve my parents and make my teacher’s heart sick.” [Exit singing.]

“Oh, come, come away, the school-bell now is ringing:  
With merry hearts from friends depart, oh, come, come away.”

[Re-enter quickly with tough gestures, smoking a stump of cigar, if permissible.]

“I’m tough, I am, and fly too. You can just bet your sweet life that feller that just went away is a chump. I smashed him in his kisser and pushed his face in. He told me ef I didn’t go to school to-day and learn me lessins I would grow up igerrent, so I just showed him. Oh, look at that [showing muscle].

“Oh, I am sorry for him. He thinks ef he minds hees teachers and learns hecs lessons and all dem tings, he’el get ’lected president of the U-nited States. Oh, rats! Won’t he get left, dough! When I grown up and get a big man I’ll run a gin-mill and get to be boss of a gang, and den I’ll get ’lected alderman and grab de boodle.

“I got a gang now. You’d oughter see ‘em. We call ourselves ‘De Curbstone Cotiree.’ Dere’s Scotty and Dirty Mike, and Patsy Gilligan, and Swilltub Fritz, and Crummey de Dog-swiper. We used to meet on de Dutchman’s coal-box, but he got fresh wid us fellers and served a writ of interjection onto us.

“Maybe we didn’t have a dandy fire last ’lection night. Dere wasn’t a ash-barrel or a fence left in de district; and say, you’d oughter seen how de Dutchman’s coal-box blazed, it was as good as fire-works.

“I wish I was out on de plains fightin’ injins like they doos in ‘De Boys’ Own Blood-tub:’

“‘I say, Scalp-knife Bill, do you see de red-skins yonder, behind de cottonwood in de chapparell?’

“‘Yes, I seez em, and as sure’s your name’s Bloody-handed Dick, de eagle-eyed trapper detective of de far Sierras, I’ll have dere heart’s blood ere yander sun sinks beneath de eastern horizon. Come on den, let’s slay ‘em without a quarter.’

[Starting and looking frightened.] “Cheese it, a cop!” [Exit hastily.]

## BILLY'S PETS.

I AM very fond of pets. I just love all kinder animiles, and I've had, oh, lots of pets ; but somewayernother they all seem to turn out bad kinder.

The first pet what ever I had was a sweet little kid. Well, he was a sweet little kid when I fust got him ; but byumby he growed up into a grate big billy-goat with long horns and a bad disposition. When he was a little kid I used to take him to bed with me nights ; but when he growed up to goat's estate he used to stand on the bed and buck, and I'd have to sit up all night in a chair.

Then by and by he began eatin' things. He ate all the table-cloths, and the paper off the wall, and all my school-books—golly! I didn't mind that much. But one day he got ahold of the "Krutzer Sonater" and ate that, and it made him awful sick, and then he ate a copy of the "Weekly Anna-kist" \* and that killed him. Uncle Henry said it was the eddytorials kinder roasted him up inside like.

Well, the next pet I had was a dawg—um, such a nice dawg. I think he was a water-s spaniel. What makes me think he was a water-s spaniel is 'cause I found him in the water with a brick tied to his tail. Some boys was goin' to drownd him.

"Gimme that dawg for this jack-knife?" I says, untheboys says,  
"Yes!"

"Whatel you give me to boot?" I says.

"You kin boot the dawg, if yer wanter," they says.

Oh, he was a nice dawg! not putty, but so 'fectionate and so musical; used to sing all nite. You see he used to bay the moon, and when they wasn't no moon he'd bay gas-lamps and 'lectric lights. But one day he got the horid forbier and bit some little boys in our street. They must a been bad boys, else it wouldn't a happened to them. Nothin' bad ever happens to good boys. Well, anny way, some folks what he didn't kill come around and killed him. That was wrong, don't you see. We should never injure those who do

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\* Introducee some book or paper to suit time and place.

not injure us. They'd ought to taken him to Doctor Paster and got some mutton soup squirted into him. But anyway when they killed him he died of it and never got alive any more, and I felt real sad.

Once my uncle gimme a pony. Oh, such a summtloocious pony! one of them kind that wears their ears long and their tale short, and kinder sing like a rusty hinge when they're feelin' happy.

Such a playful pony he was. He used to play foot-ball with me. I use ter be the foot-ball and leap-frog! un! why, he'd let me leap over his head as many times as I wanted—moyer. He could buck, too. But not like a goat bucks. Goats bucks with their horns, but he bucked with his hole form like. Just hump up his back and bounce like a rubber ball, only harder.

But one day when he was hungry he chewed off my uncle's left ear. Uncle didn't get mad, oh, no; uncle belongs to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animiles, but he said there must be sumthin' a matter with the inside works of the pony, cause pony's mostly wasn't carneriverous and don't nately feed off ears. So he just cut him open to find out what the trouble was, and what do you think? if that pony wasn't full up to there—of people's ears what he'd chewed off! Uncle said he died of eary-syphilis.

I once had a pole-cat, but that ain't a fare cat, and it don't go up a pole neither. Some folks calls um skunks. They say that men makes the finest perfumerys out of things that smells the orfulest: if that's the fare truth, my pole-cat would a made about ten million barrels of the nicest, sweetest kind of cologny-water. Say, I couldn't bare to sleep with myself for over a month after I had that pole-cat, and uncle got a hundred pounds of limburger cheese and rubbed it into the parlor carpet and sprinkled sassyfigety and kerosene all over the house, and made me bathe myself in carboilic acid for a week to sorter take out the perfumery.

But that wasn't a pet, you know. A pet is a animile what you love, and nobody don't love pole-cats, 'cept maby Mr. Lubin, what makes Jockey Club, and white Violet, and Muss Rose cologny-water.

The uext pet I got was a pussy cat. Oh, such a sweet pussy cat! all black with one green eyc. The only one fault she had was she

was so fond er kittens. She used to go out and adopt a half a dozen every few weeks, and come bringin' them in by the scruff of their necks. Then byumby them kittens begun to grow up inter big cats, so at last the house got just full of cats, all kinder cats: Lazy fat cats, and thin scratch cats, and ash-barrel cats and albino cats; cats what had fits and cats what didn't have fits. Byumby it got so you couldn't step no where in that house 'thout steppin' onto a cat's tale.

Well, uncle he knows all about perliteral 'conomy and all such things, and he says the mejeroity should rule, and what's good for the greatest number should allers be done, and he says that for the greatest good of the greatest number we'd oughter move. So we moved. The man that lived in that house after we moved away, usedter sell boned turkey and chicken salad in pretty tin boxes.

The last pet ever I had was a lovely green snake; as graceful a little creetur as ever you see. He was twinin' hisself around a 'lanthus tree in our back yard when I coched him, and he learned to love me dearly, I think, 'cause he always used to wag his tale when I come near him.

I didn't tell uncle 'bout havin' the snake, cause I wanted to give him a pleasant surprise, he was so fond of animiles, you know. Well, one day I was playin' with him on the floor and uncle come in and see me. Uncle jumped about a feet and says, "Holy smoke! I've got 'em again! Say, Billy dear, do you see anything there? No, of course you don't; neither do I, only I just thought I'd ask."

"Oh, yes," I says, "dear uncle, that's my new snake, McKinley. I got him for to surprise yer with."

Then uncle sighed like, and says: "Ah, Billy, you'd better give him up now before he becomes indispensorble to yer happiness and learns to look up inter your eyes with pleading 'fection and twine hisself about your heart."

Then he took him away with the tongs. Uncle told me afterward he'd put him out of his misery with chloryform and 'lectricity. "Better so," says uncle, "than to send him out inter the cold world among strangers." Uncle was always so kind to animiles.

## PROFESSOR GUNTER ON MARRIAGE.

[*Sharp snappy voice and stiff jerky movements.*]

Men and women:—You must not expect me to preface the few remarks I have to make with a bow. I never saluted any one, man or woman, in any manner whatever. Absurd ceremony, waste of muscular effort.

In my studies of nocturnal insect life it has been my custom on summer evenings to walk in the Central Park, and on such occasions I have been shocked, surprised, not to say disgusted, by observing every seat or bench occupied by couples composed of one male and one female person, young and otherwise, seated in intimate contiguity or juxtaposition, the arm of the male about the waist of the female and the head of the female upon the shoulder of the male; [*in a disgusted tone*] the male at frequent intervals kissing the female; and the female at somewhat longer intervals kissing the male, or *vice versa*; ridiculous custom, great waste of muscular effort.

Upon inquiry, I was informed that this was a ceremony known under various titles, such as “courting,” “sparking,” “keeping company,” and was regarded as a necessary preliminary to the union of persons by the marriage contract. And this brings me to the subject of my remarks.

Why, in the name of reason, should two persons who have resolved to take upon themselves the cares and responsibilities of married life, devote an indefinite number of weeks, months, or years to the performance of such a preposterous and unnecessary ceremonial? In my opinion, this most regrettable condition of things arises from the absurd practice of allowing young and inexperienced persons to choose their own life-partners. Why, my more or less intelligent audience, who could be less fitted for the grave task of such a selection than persons of unripe years and no discretion whatever?

I am sure you must all agree with me upon the folly of the pres-

ent arrangement. But you may ask, "Where is the remedy?" I answer. It is here [*producing a document*]. I have matured a plan for an intelligent and judicious settlement of the question of marriages, which I will now briefly sketch for your enlightenment, leaving the elaboration of details for some future day [*reads from paper*].

A board should be appointed by the mayor of each city, or selectmen of every town or village, composed of men and women of advanced years, whose duty it should be to select suitable persons as life-partners. And the decisions of this board should be final, any disobedience to its mandates being punished by imprisonment for life or for a longer period. Couples should be of a suitable age, say thirty on the part of the female and forty-five on the part of the male, for early marriages are most injudicious.

Contrasts should also be observed in the selection. Thus, for a very large and stout woman a small, attenuated husband should be found; and for an obese and plethoric man a pale and fragile female. The dark should be mated with the fair, gray eyes with black, and for a person whose lower limbs present this figure [*knuckles together*] should be found a mate whose nether extremities describe this form [*thumbs touching and forefingers pointing toward each other*].

For a vixenish and sharp-tongued female should be found a husband of lamb-like docility, and for a peevish and violent man a wife with a spirit of angelic patience. No two pair of cross-eyes should be permitted in any one couple, but for a person so afflicted should be found a wall-eyed mate. For a man with the right limb shorter than the left should be found a woman with the right limb the longer. For one with the nose twisted to the left hand, some person whose nasal organ is turned toward the right. In all such cases we may hope that the progeny will strike a sort of average, and present neither irregularity.

This board should also have charge of the question of divorce, and when any couple are reported by their neighbors as quarrelling or disagreeing more than once a month, such couple should be separated with or without their consent, and some more suitable mate found for each at the discretion of the board.

All persons making use of any such expressions as "lovey-dovey," or "does papa love mama," or "tootsy-wootsy," or "whose baby is oo," or any similar phrase, should be put under heavy bonds to keep the peace, and on a second offence be put under restraint in some public lunatic asylum or idiot home.

There should be a regular, graduated list of fines for other offences. Say \$50 for squeezing hands, and \$100 for pressing toes under table; \$150 for sitting in front parlor with light, and \$200 with the light out; \$250 for putting arm around waist, \$300 fine and six months' imprisonment for kissing, and electrocution for sitting upon knee of opposite sex.

My scheme may seem utopian or even impracticable, but such is the case with all great reforms, and like such reforms it will, of course, meet with opposition from the young and foolish. But if my plan of furnishing all heads of families with fierce bull-dogs and stout boots at the public expense were put in practice, such opposition might be reduced to a minimum.

Oh, my more or less intelligent hearers, it may be a hard battle, but is not such a reform worth any amount of effort? For my own part, I am willing to sacrifice myself upon the altar of common-sense.

And if the board I plead for is ever established, I will most cheerfully submit to its mandate, although, of course, in my case if the law of contrast were duly adhered to, my life-partner would naturally be a person of inferior mental attainments, plain personal appearance, and—er—hem—a large fortune. Still, as I have said, in the interest of the public good, and as an example of intelligent connubial arrangements, I would at any cost or pain accept the female selected for me by the board. And if any here present feel inclined to subscribe a few hundreds or thousands of dollars for the formation of a society for the suppression of love-making nonsense, and placing matrimony upon an intelligent and reasonable basis, I stand not only ready but anxious to become its treasurer.

## HIGH ART AND ECONOMY.

I HAVE read of late a great many articles in the artistic magazines describing the achievements of sundry decorative economists who created ingenious abodes of beauty and taste in the most inexpensive manner; and believing such articles to be in demand, I hastened to jot down my own experiences in the cheap furnishing line, and offered the same for publication to *Scribner's*, *Harper's*, and the *Atlantic Monthly*, but failed to dispose of it at either. I cannot imagine why it was refused, as it seems to me to be exactly in the proper style. The following is the article:

Only three dollars and a half! And I must construct for myself a home which would not offend my refined tastes, and which should in some measure symbolize the mingled strength and poetry of my inner nature. Well, as I recline in dreamy reverie upon the Spanish laundry-soap-box, which I have converted into an elegant lounge, and look about me, a sigh of satisfaction escapes my lips; and as I straighten the last leg of my ebony escritoire I proudly pronounce the words, "By hokey! I've done it." I will tell you now.

My uncle, with whom I lived, allowed me to make my home in a disused cow-shed, for I could not endure the kalsomined walls of his house, and the floors, covered as they were with carpet, laerated my very soul and brought on a state of melancholy which even Howells's *Thrilling Tales of Adventure* or Richard Grant White's *Poetical Flights of Faney* could not dissipate, so I removed to the cow-shed and prepared to make it a home of beauty.

First, I gave the walls a coat of Busby's Liquid Blacking, leaving a space at top and bottom for frieze and dado. The spaces I covered with sheets of wrapping-paper. On the frieze I painted a representation of a politieal torchlight procession and chowder-party in ancient Egypt in Indian red, which I produced, inexpensively but somewhat laboriously, by rubbing broken bricks upon a flag-stone; a muelage-brush furnishing a good implement with which to apply it. On the dado I, with the same materials, de-

lined a walking-match of storks among the bulrushes on the banks of the Nile.

Now for the floor. A carpet was not only repugnant to my feelings, but expensive also. I concluded to stain the floor; but how? Chance favored me. Some painters were at work on the roof of my uncle's house, and while they were absent at the noon-tide hour seeking nourishment, I borrowed their paint and consecrated it to the sacred cause of art.

The floor had now a beautiful brown surface, and possessed an adhesive quality which I utilized in fastening down my rug, which I constructed of an apron of my aunt's, squared up and appliquéd with the feet of old woollen stockings cut into artistic shapes.

Acting on the happy suggestions given me by the roof-painters, and with the same high motive, I then procured some planks from a neighboring lumber-yard, and constructed a big wooden mantelpiece, consisting of shelves placed one above the other. These I painted with the roof-paint, of which some still remained, and further decorated with broad bands of black; and when I had tacked upon the edge a fringe made of strips cut from a red-flannel garment of my aunt's which had been left out one night upon the clothes-line, the effect was one of subdued grandeur. I then filled the shelves with a collection of *ric-a-brac*, old ink-bottles, flower-pots, pieces of kindling-wood, tomato-cans, and decorated bricks.

Upon the walls I hung *Herald* war-maps and allegorical designs by Thomas Nast, in lath-frames. These suggested a love of the ideal in art, which is one of my more prominent characteristics. In addition to the Spanish laundry-soap-box lounge and the ebony escritoire made of laths which I have already mentioned, I made a beautiful arm-chair of Eastlake design out of an old hen-coop, covered with red flannel derived from the same source as the fringe on the mantelpiece.

A drain-pipe standing on end and surmounted by a washboard formed a tasteful and appropriate pedestal for my great work in clay, representing Peter Cooper receiving the congratulations of Apollo and the nine muses.

A scrap-book containing mortuary notices from *London Punch*,

humorous verses by G. W. Childs, etc., and some copies of the *Atlantic Monthly* completed the contents of my bower of beauty and culture. Why should any man of taste and refinement live surrounded by the products of commonplace barbarism, when, by ingenuity, industry, and a proper attention to the advertising columns of the magazines, he can make for himself a congenial home for the small sum of three dollars and a half?

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## MRS. BRITZENHOEFFER'S TROUBLES.

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*[Should be done in costume. Brown-spotted calico dress, checked apron, yellow handkerchief on neck, woollen hood, carpel-slippers, blue woollen stockings, and a cheap market-basket with a property bologna sausage in it. Face, dark tint flesh, pink tint on eyelids and brown rims to upper and lower lids, brown wrinkles at corners of eyes and on forehead, nose faintly reddened at tip. Draw mouth up at corners as far as possible and protrude under lip. Line the wrinkles thus produced with brown paint.]*

*[Enter, wiping eyes and nose on apron.]*

OH, I got me so much droubles, I can't toled you how moeh droubles I have got. Ney Yorrick vos de vorst city fon de whole vorlt, mit de vorst mans, unt de vorst vomans, unt de vorst poys unt gels, unt de vorst dogs. But by dose shamrock flats vere 1 life me, vos de vorst men unt de vorst woman, unt the vorst poys unt gels, unt de vorst dog in de whole city fon Ney Yorrick. Dere names vos Mulligan.

Gooka mol [*setting down basket*]. I keep me dose bretty shuranium flowers, de roses shuraniums, unt de Lady Voshingtons shuraniums, unt de lemons shuraniums, unt de fishes shuraniums. I keep me dose shuraniums on de vinder shelluf unt dey grows fine unt beautiful, unt got soch a bretty flowers on dem. Vell, comes dose raskell Mulligans poys unt break fon de fishes shuraniums de heads off.

Dot make me so vild I look me out de vinder unt I say to dose Mulligans poys: "For vot you drow dose sthones unt break my

bretty flowers? Sthop dot right avay." Den comes more sthones unt knoeks fon my roses shuraniums de heads off it. Den I gct me vild unt I holler out: "You little raskells, I call mine husband unt he keel you, you little loafers! Hons! Hons! Kummia mol, keel for me dose raskell Mulligans poys." Unt Hons he come very grafe unt quiet, unt he say:

"Lena, Lena, dot vos not de vay to speak by childrens. De vay to speak by childrens vos quiet unt dignyfied unt gentle, not vild unt oxcited like dot."

Unt he goes by de vinder unt he says: "Little poys, don'd you know dot vos ferrry wrong to drow dose sthones unt break de bretty flowers? See dey vos all broke unt sphoiled, unt dot makes mine vife engry. Now you vill be goot little poys unt go right avay."

But dey don'd go avay. Comes more sthones unt breaks for twenty-five cents vinder gless, unt a milluk pitcher. Unt Hons say:

"I vos surprised for you. You are more bed dan I could belief. Go right avay or I sholl be vexed mit you."

But dey don'd go avay some more, but comes anoder beg sthone unt hits my Hons on de nose. Unt he say,

"Donner unt blixen, you nesty, dirty raskells! I strangleesc de life fon out you! I blow your heads off mit such a Getling guns, you nesty, dirty, freckley, vorty, red-head, schnub-nosed raskells! Bolice! Bolice! Bolice!"

Yah [*crying*]. Unt de bolice come unt take mine Hons by de station-house, unt dot cost me den dollars of I can get him oud some more in de morning.

I keep me some schickens, de hens unt de roosters, unt dey lay me sometimes eggs,—de hens. Unt last week I come down dc sthares mit a besket fon dose eggs on my arm. Unt dere on de lending sthands dose Mulligans gel, Mary Ann, mit dose Mulligans dog, Dowser. Unt dot Dowser he got a mout like a railroat tunnel, unt he growls fon me unt looks cross-vays, unt I say, "Get oud, you bed Mulligans dog; I vont to go de sthares down!" unt dot dog he growls mit me. Unt I say, "Get out!" unt I make for heem a kick so; unt dot Mulligans Mary Ann, she say, "Sick her, Dowser," unt I make for heem anoder kick, unt he youmps for me

unt bites fon my new knit stockings soch a pieces es two skeins of yarn knits not in some more, unt some of me too; unt I fall me ofer dot Mary Ann unt dot Dowser, unt down stshares I go, humpty pump, ofer and ofer, unt smash on dc bottom goes for a dollar eggs unt fifty cents profit.

Vell, nefer mind, nefer mind; de little old Dutch vomans can do something.

By Jersey lifes mine brooder. Yah [*meaningly*]. Vot vos his occupations, eh? He vos a sausage-maker, ain't it? Yah.

Last week Dowser bighted fon me big pieces out. Dis week—*[taking property sausage from basket with a laugh of fiendish triumph. Biting sausage savagely]*—I know vot I know. [Exit.]

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## DUNDERBURG JENKINS'S "FORTY- GRAF" ALBUM.

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A STUDY IN FACIAL EXPRESSION AND POSING.

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I ONCE spent a few weeks at the house of Mr. Dunderburg Jenkins, in the northern part of this State. Mr. Jenkins was a good, worthy man. He meant well, I am sure, but he had a collection of photographs in an album upon his parlor-table which he insisted upon showing to every onc who stopped at his house.

"Don't you want ter see the fortygrafs? Most remarkable collection." And so indeed it was.

I will try to imitate in my own person as nearly as possible the pictures in that remarkable collection, together with the running comment upon the originals of the same with whieh Mr. Jenkins always favored his pictures.

"That there is the fust Miss Jenkins. She enjoyed powerful bad health while she was among us. She's now in glory."

[*Hands folded and mouth drawn down on one side. Melancholy expression.*]

“That there is Thompson’s boy Jimmy. Ah, he’s a right smart lad and handsome, too.”

[*Feet wide apart, arms stiff a little way from body, hands spread wide. Mouth wide open and a dead stare in the eyes. Expressionless face.*]

“That there is young Si. Hawkins. Oh, he’s a regular highfalutin chap—he is. Been tew town quite a spell. Got that pieter take on Bowery Street, which I reckon is somewhere near the Fifth Avenue. You see him standin’ there in one of hees most ‘poller-like ackitudes. I call that pieter the chafe duffer of the hull collection.”

[*Feet crossed. Weight thrown on one hip. One elbow raised as though upon a mantel. Other arm akimbo. Conceited expression of countenance.*]

“That there is Uncle Silas Hogwhistle. Powerful fine-lookin’ man if ’twarnt fer the least bit of a cast inter one of hees eyes.”

[*Arms folded. Eyes crossed. Upper lip inflated.*]

“That there is Parson Wheeler. He was a powerful exhorter and all them things, but worldly-minded. Warn’t satisfied with hees salry—two hundred dollars a year—and only six in family. He’s got another call now up to Migglesville.”

[*Hands clasped. Mouth drawn down and eyes rolled up. Sanctimonious expression of countenance.*]

“That there is old grandma, ninety come next January.”

[*Corners of mouth drawn up as high as possible. Eyes nearly closed. One hand grasping chin, and elbow supported in the other.*]

“And that there’s grandpa. ‘Bout the same age.”

[*Shoulders bent. Under lip drawn way down, showing lower teeth. Eyes screwed up and hand behind ear as though deaf.*]

[*Resuming your own voice.*]

But I could endure no more. I fled the house. [*Exit.*]

## SOME ENCORE BITS.

NOTHING secures the feeling of success with your audience better than to follow any set piece of recitation with one or two very brief bits of humorous pantomime. A short story with a good point, which enables you to leave the stage gracefully and happily amid a roar of laughter and applause. These little things, while they gain you the prestige of several recalls perhaps, and warm up an audience wonderfully, occupy so little time in an entertainment that the feeling of wearying produced by prolixity—one of the very worst possible impressions for a performer to produce in an audience—is entirely avoided.

### THE FELINAPHONE.

[*Very gravely and earnestly.*]

*My dear Friends:* When the Emperor Maximus Gorillus entered Rome after his series of brilliant military achievements in South Dakota, he was as usual ushered into the Latin capital by a grand triumphal procession.

Among the many wonderful features of this magnificent spectacle was a musical instrument of peculiar construction. Upon a table were arranged a number of stalls of various lengths, the smaller upon the right and the larger upon the left, in graduated succession. Each of these stalls contained a cat or kitten of corresponding proportions, ranging from an ancient Thomas cat, with a deep bass voice, up to an infantile kitten, with a high soprano. The tails of these pretty animals projected through holes in the backs of the stalls, and to each tail was affixed a handle working upon a hinge, so that by pulling the handles each cat or kitten was induced to emit his or her peculiar note. There were two full octaves in the instrument.

I am not quite sure that the Carnival of Venice was in vogue at that time, but I am sure if it had been the performer would have selected it for his grand *pièce de résistance*. So, without fur-

ther comment, I will endeavor to give you an idea how the Carnival of Venice sounded upon the Felinaphone.

*[Play or rather mew the Carnival with a piano accompaniment, pulling imaginary handles with great affectation of vigor, once over simply and then with extravagant variations, ending with a loud caterwaul and exit. Make the cat business short and sharp, as the effect is lost by keeping it up too long.]*

### THE JUGGLER.

I attended a séance of mesmerism a few years ago, at which the patients or subjects were induced to do many remarkable and amusing things. One case that struck me particularly was a youth who was impressed by the Professor with the idea that he was a juggler at a theatre.

I will endeavor to give you some idea of the young man as he appeared under the mesmeric influence.

*[Have a lively galop played. Go through the motions of a mesmerist making the passes over a seated patient. Then with a smile to the audience say, as though addressing a seated figure:]*  
"Young man, you are a juggler. Go on and show us some of your skill."

*[Make a sweeping bow like that of a circus performer. Pick up imaginary balls and toss them under legs, over back, etc. Strike heroic attitude. Pick up imaginary plate, imitate spinning it upon a stick, then balance upon nose with appearance of great agility and skill. Add more plates. Attitude and sweep of arm. Then express in pantomime "Look at that muscle!" Pick up imaginary heavy cannon-ball and roll it across neck, toss it, etc. Then with straining muscles and forcing blood into the face, raise two exceedingly heavy balls straight above head and slowly lower them, arms extended, legs apart, and swaying as though almost overcome by the weight. Drop as though tired. Sweeping gesture and glance around. Then pick up imaginary sword. Fencing gestures and attitudes. Bend sword and let it spring out. Take hair from head and cut it in the air. Then fall*

upon one knee and slowly press the sword down the throat. Draw it out with flourish, bow with conceited, heroic air, and then come out of trance, looking scared, ashamed, and sheepish, and rush off the stage in a huddled up, shrinking manner. The success of this bit depends almost entirely on a natural ability for pantomime.]

### DENTIST AND PATIENT.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I shall now endeavor to be two people at once.

SCENE—DENTIST'S OFFICE OR TORTURE CHAMBER. ENTER PATIENT.

[Puff out one cheek and express great pain. Point to tooth, shake head, and raise hands. The dentist beams and rubs hands together, shrugs shoulder with an easy wave of hand, as though to say, "Perfectly easy. Have it out in a moment." The patient expresses fear. The dentist beckons him back. The patient looks resigned, heroic. Then extract tooth, right arm and hand hauling and jerking at tooth and left hand grasping right as though in terror. One great pull and the tooth is out. Express with thumb and grimace, "Oh, what a big hole! Big as that." Pay dentist and exit smiling upon imaginary tooth of great size which you hold between thumb and finger.

### ALPHABETICAL SERMON.

[Read text from book very quietly and gravely, *A, B, C, D, etc.*, to *Z*. Then repeat alphabet impressively and pointedly as though reading the text a second time. Then close book and begin *A, B, C*, as though saying firstly, laying one forefinger on the other. Again twice through alphabet argumentatively and quietly, then warningly, finishing on *Z* in a deep, impressive tone, pointing downward. Then rapidly and in a questioning tone, going through pantomime of pitchforking, horns and humorous horror. Then once through in a tone of exalted joy, pantomime of flying and gazing about in admiration. Then through twice in a pleading tone, throwing passion and pathos into the voice. Then

*once through gravely, with eyes closed, and wind up with the words:]*

“The usual collection will now be taken up.”

The above specimens of encore bits will serve as a suggestion to the clever reader as to the sort of material to use. The performer should keep his eyes and ears open in the street, in society, and look through papers for hints and touches, and he will come across many a good and effective idea. In these little things, remember that the more familiar and easy your style is, and the more you give them the tone of something gotten up on the spur of the moment, the more effective they will be.

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## CLASSICAL MUSIC.

I PITY any one who does not love classical music. There was a time when I did not appreciate it myself, and I shudder when I think of my benighted state of mind at that period. There was a time when a barrel-organ playing a waltz beneath my window would set me spinning around the room in circles of terpsichorian delight ; when the brass band of a target company playing “Johnny get your gun” would make me long for epaulettes and a war ; when I wagged my head and stamped my feet with the boys in the gallery when the orchestra played a nigger melody.

But, happily for my musical soul, this has all passed away, and now the organ-man “must go,” if it costs me all my small change to get rid of him. The brass band jars upon my cultivated ear, and I always go out in the lobby at the theatre, and look cynical and bored when the *chef d'orchestre* fills up the time between the acts with a string of popular airs. I am now a passionate student of harmony and thorough bass. I thrill with delight when I contemplate a sequence of dominant sevenths with major thirds, and revel in inversions of the flattened ninth.

I have come to regard what I used to call a “tunc” with absolute horror ; and when I hear a piece of music which is new to me, I listen attentively, and if I detect the slightest intimation of any-

thing like a melody, I immediately assume a supereilious expression suitable to my proper feelings under the circumstances, for I know it cannot be music of the highest order. That is the true test of music, and a simple rule by which the most ignorant may learn whether they ought or ought not to admire any given piece of music. If you know at once what it is all about, if it seems to be saying 1, 2, 3, hop, hop, hop, or 1, 2, bang, bang, bang, you may know at once that you are listening to something of a very low order, which it is your duty to despise. But when you hear something that sounds as though an assorted lot of notes had been put into a barrel and were then stirred up vigorously like a kind of harmonious gruel, you may know it is a fugue, and you may safely assume an interested expression of countenance. If the notes appear to have been dropped by accident into a well, and are being fished up at irregular intervals, in a sort of flaccid, drowned condition, it is likely to be a nocturne, which it is quite proper to admire. If the notes seem to come in ear-loads, each load different from the last, and if it seems to take the train a very long time to pass any given point, it will turn out most likely to be a symphony, and symphonies, you know, are considered very fine. If the notes appear to be dumped out in masses, and shovelled vigorously into heaps, and then blown widely into the air by explosions of dynamite, that's a rhapsody, and rhapsodies are the very latest thing in music.

Just here it may be well to observe that the very highest kinds of music are the oldest and the newest, that our admiration should be about equally divided between chromatic fugues composed in sixteen something and tone-pictures, rhapsodies, and suites.

One general rule may be observed in forming a proper manner while attending a classical concert, which will save the neophyte a world of trouble and mortification. It is to look about you and discover the most serious, careworn-looking man, with the longest hair and the largest spectacles, in the audience, and by observing his changes of expression, his fits of enthusiasm, and his bursts of applause, and imitating them closely, you may always appear as one of the chosen few who have entered the high shekinah, and know a thing or two about classical music.

# READINGS AND RECITATIONS

By MARY KYLE DALLAS.

## INTRODUCTION TO PART II.

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I HAVE received so many requests from elocutionists, readers, and amateurs for certain of my published pieces, that the idea of making a collection of the present nature has naturally suggested itself. If among the selections here contained there prove to be some that will aid the artist toward success and furnish a source of enjoyment to my dear friends the public, I shall be amply rewarded for my labor, and encouraged to repeat the present experiment at some future day.

The public's grateful friend,  
MARY KYLE DALLAS.

## FATHER PAUL.

THE fisherman's wife went down to watch  
    Her husband's boat come in from the sea;  
One babe lay at rest on her motherly breast,  
    Another little one stood at her knee;  
And they said "Good-even" to Father Paul,  
Reading his book by the old church wall.

His eye's they followed them over the sand—  
    Over the sand and down to the sea—  
"Oh, never a woman in all the world  
    Will lull *my* babe on her breast," sighed he.  
"Mea culpa," moaned Father Paul,  
"To wear serge and sandal is not all."

Afar the glint of the fisherman's sail  
    Caught Rosabel's eye as she went to prayers.  
"Oh, happy," said she, "the woman must be  
    Who joy and woe with her loved one shares !  
Would that a boat sailed over the sea,  
Freighted as that boat is, for me."

Father Paul by the convent wall  
    Striving to read, striving to pray,  
Saw with his heart, if not with his eyes,  
    What woman it was that came that way.  
"Oh, the heart is a snare," sighed Father Paul,  
"And Satan tempteth us, one and all."

Father confessor, he sat in his chair;  
    Penitent, knelt she upon her knee.  
"The purest angel in all the skies  
    Might have more sin to confess than she."  
Thus to himself said Father Paul,  
Thus to himself, and it was not all.

He put the crucifix into her hand—  
 Into her hand as she knelt at his knee.  
 “Thou hast not stolen? Thou hast not lied?  
 “Thou hast not been light of love?” asked he.  
 For this he must say, young Father Paul,  
 To kneeling penitents, one and all.

And to each and all of the things he said,  
 Of the things he asked, as she knelt at his knee,  
 The girl said “No;” yet her golden head  
 Lower and lower in shame bowed she.  
 “Then must thou tell me,” sighed Father Paul,  
 “Whether thou hast done wrong at all.”

Then in the silence one could hear—  
 The silence that lay between the two—  
 The monastery bells ring out,  
 Frightening the swallows as home they flew.  
 “Daughter,” he whispered, “tell me all.”  
 She made no answer to Father Paul.

Rang the bells on the twilight air,  
 Lengthened the shade of the convent wall;  
 Silently still the girl knelt there,  
 Knelt at the feet of Father Paul.  
 Not a word, not a word, not a word was said;  
 But his young hand rested upon her head.

“Hast thou coveted aught?” said Father Paul,  
 As he saw the fisherman’s wife go by,  
 Cuddling her babe in her knitted shawl,  
 Lulled by the croon of a lullaby.  
 “It needeth our Lord’s grace most of all  
 To covet nothing,” said Father Paul.

She saw the fisherman kiss his wife  
 And toss the urchin, who crowed with glee,  
 And under her lashes the hot tears crept.

“Oh, I am sinner of sinners !” said she ;  
 “I have coveted that, O Father Paul,  
 Which is heaven’s only and heaven’s all !”

“Is it the treasure our coffers hold ?  
 Or the gems on the shrine of Our Lady fair ?  
 Or the cups and flagons of beaten gold ?  
 Or the pearls that gleam in the Virgin’s hair ?  
 Or the lands of our Church ?” asked Father Paul ;  
 “Or aught that our Church her own can call ?”

“Oh, I am sinner of sinners !” said she ;  
 “Oh, I am evil beyond compare !  
 A heart has turned from this weary world,  
 And I to covet that pure heart dare.  
 Its love is given to things divine,  
 And I, a woman, would have it mine !”

She could not look up into his eyes,  
 But he heard the throb of her frightened heart,  
 And saw the flush of her forehead rise  
 Where the pale-gold tresses fell apart ;  
 And his own heart’s trembling told him all  
 She would have hidden from Father Paul.

“Child, thou art holier far than I ;  
 Nearer thy bosom the angels come.  
 Oh, a soul so pure can never lie.  
 Life’s holiest things are heart and home,  
 Holier far than the granite wall  
 Of a monkish prison,” said Father Paul.

And he did not kiss her, as often do  
 . Father confessors, upon the brow:  
 On her mouth his mouth, to kisses new,  
 Showered kisses warmer for that, I trow;  
 “And may God judge us, my love, for all,  
 Though the priesthood ban us,” said Father Paul.

The monks of the monastery tell,  
 How, one midsummer eve, in woman's guise,  
 At the ringing of the vesper bell  
 Satan gave them a sad surprise,  
 And bore from the shade of their sacred wall  
 Their best-loved brother, young Father Paul.

But far away, under other skies,  
 'Midst yellow waving of golden grain,  
 A homestead's happy walls arise,  
 Where love and plenty hold blissful reign;  
 And he who is master of it all  
 His wife calls tenderly, “Father Paul.”

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## BROKEN DREAMS.

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THEY wake me from my happy sleep,  
 The moonlight's pure and pallid beams.  
 Diana fair, Diana cold,  
 Why hast thou bid me leave my dreams ?  
 For they were warm as thou art chill,  
 And all my senses were a-thrill.

What were they ? Ah ! they fade so soon.  
 Two long-divided paths had crossed,  
 But where, or if 'twere night or morn,  
 Of this all memory is lost.  
 I only know a love came back  
 That died long since upon the rack.

And bitter years were blotted out  
With all their weight of pride and pain ;  
As we can never meet on earth,  
I and another met again,  
Amidst some wild, sweet dreamland change,  
That made all right as it was strange,

Rich odors from unnumbered flowers  
And murmurous music filled the air,  
And all adown the golden hours  
We drifted, to some sweet nowhere.  
The whole world for our own had we,  
And love was our eternity.

Diana fair, Diana pale,  
'Twas ill to banish dreams so sweet ;  
They fly as fly the fleecy clouds  
That glide beneath thy silver feet.  
Calm from Endymion thou could'st part,  
But I—I have a woman's heart.

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## THE STATUE'S STORY.

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I AM a statue of marble,  
I am white, I am cold,  
I stand in a niche of the window,  
Of the grange gray and old ;  
The sunshine falls over me,  
Nor warms me one whit,  
The noontide grows golden,  
I whiter yet.

I stand in a niche of the window  
Of the old gray grange;  
All through the bright day's changes  
I know no change;

Before me, without in the road,  
 Carriage and wain roll by;  
 Men a-horse, men on foot,  
 Nothing care I.

Within is a little white couch  
 Spread over with silk,  
 And a pillow of eider-down,  
 Whiter than milk.  
 Over the head of the bed hang  
 A cross and a face,—  
 The face of a beautiful woman  
 All passion and grace.

When the red day hath departed,  
 And the moonshine  
 Rims the crown of each mountain,  
 Fringes each pine,  
 Through the still pass I hear,  
 Rippling along,  
 The voice of my love, my dear,  
 Lifted in song.

“I am coming, beloved,” he sings,  
 “Coming to worship thee.”  
 Clearly his sweet voice rings;  
 But he sings not to me.  
 ’Tis to the face of the woman,  
 Glowing and bright,  
 That he chants, and not to a statue  
 Of marble, dead white.

When in mid-skies the moon hangeth,  
 Looking at me,  
 My best-beloved comes to his chamber,  
 Bendeth his knee;

First to the cross at his pillow,  
Then to the face  
Of the golden-haired, dusk-eyed woman,  
All passion and grace.

He sayeth to heaven a prayer,  
To her wild words doth he say:  
I have heard, as I stood in the window  
Of the grange, old and gray,  
Accents burning with passion,  
Woful with long delay,  
I knew what they meant, though I stand here,  
A statue to-day.

For when the angel of slumber  
Waveth her dusky wing,  
Lulls him asleep by her magic,  
Happens an o'er-strange thing.  
I have an hour when the pulses  
Of life are mine own,  
And I stand no more in the window,  
A statue of stone.

My cheeks grow red like the roses,  
My lips are parted with sighs;  
I step from the niche in the window,  
And kiss his sleeping eyes;  
I pass my hand o'er his forehead,  
In my fingers his hair I take;  
I call him love-names many,  
Nor fear that he will wake.

For the same strange spell lies on him  
Then, that lieth else on me.  
The hour that he sleepeth I awake,  
My waking he may not see.

I kiss him until the cock-crow,  
 And then I make my moan,  
 And stand in the niche of the window,  
 A statue of stone.

At dawn, down the pass of the mountain,  
 His farewell I hear.  
 Echo flings back the burden,  
 "Adieu, my dear,  
 Until I return again  
 To kneel at thy shrine,  
 Kissing the cross and thee,  
 O lady mine!"

Oh, his kisses upon my marble  
 Would wake it, I know;  
 He could break the spell that has frozen  
 My bosom to snow.  
 But he knows not the power of his magic.  
 He turneth away  
 To the picture, and leaves me a statue  
 In the niche, cold and gray.

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## OUT OF THE BOTTLE.

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IT was a rat-trap of an old house. Its walls bulged, its floors slanted, the cellar was full of water, the roof leaked ; no one had lived there for years, but it had once been a handsome place, and the name it was called by was the name of a good old family. Why did it stand empty until it fell to decay?

Haunted—said the neighbors. And so I, who have a predilection for haunted houses, went wandering about it one day, sending the mice scampering away into their holes, frightening the black beetles, and enraging the spiders that were weaving their webs from one door-post to the other. Where did the ghost live ? I looked into the parlor. The tattered remains of some old shades hung at the

windows, and a rusty shovel and tongs upon the hearth told of the hospitable fires that had smouldered out long ago. In the bedrooms only a broken candlestick and a cracked ewer had been left over from those days when white linen was spread upon the bed in the guest-chamber, and the crow of the chanticleer awakened master and mistress, and Dolly the dairy-maid, and all the rosy children.

The ghost was not there; neither was he up garret, where he belonged. I looked the whole house over for him, until at last in the kitchen, where a red and cracked stove was all that remained to whisper of the many comfortable dinners that had been cooked and eaten, I found on a high old shelf a long, black bottle, and rather from idleness than interest set it upon the mantel-shelf.

No sooner had I done so than I saw that it was no ordinary bottle. It looked like one, as it stood in the closet, but no sooner was it set upon the mantel-piece, with its label, "Whiskey," plainly visible to the beholder, than I saw rising from its mouth a sort of smoke, which by slow degrees condensed itself into a figure of hideous aspect, though of tiny proportions, until finally I saw perched upon the neck of the bottle a little, greenish-colored imp, with long horns, Satanic hoofs, red eyes, and great, white fangs. I stared at it in horror.

"Who are you?" I asked.

The thing looked at me and grinned, slapped the bottle with its hand, and answered:

"I am the ghost who haunts this house."

I shrank away.

"You needn't be afraid," it said. "I'm harmless until some one fills my bottle. I'm quite superannuated now. I'm garrulous in my old age, and would like to talk. I remember when I came here. It was on a wedding-day. Two young people were married, and an old man brought me in this very bottle as a wedding present. 'The best old Bourbon,' said he. No one saw me grinning through the glass, but they pulled the cork and out I came. I perched myself where I could see them all, and nodded as they pledged each other."

"That night the bride sat and cried by herself; the bridegroom

was lying drunk on the sofa below. I liked that, ha, ha! It pleased me. After that I stayed here. The bottle kept full. In a little while the bride did not cry about it. She took her glass too.

"They were handsome young people. It took two years for his nose to turn purple, and she was not red-eyed for five. Children came; they had whiskey and sugar to suck before they were able to eat meat—five of them—and the father was seldom sober. No wonder the old place was mortgaged soon, the woods cut down, some land sold.

"All went to ruin fast. Once, however, I was disappointed. The man swore he would reform, stuffed me up into the corner of a shelf, and kept sober for a year. I was wretched then. However, one day a new baby came. Old Nurse Dickerman was with the mother.

"'Just a little something warm would do us all good,' she said; and down came the bottle, out came the cork. Out I flew. I saw my ma's eyes glitter, and I danced an hour that night as he sprawled on the floor before the fire, and his youngest boy pulled his whiskers and cried, 'Dit up, papa.'

"But the father did not awaken, and the little thing, left to itself—for Nurse Dickerman was very sound asleep herself,—pulled the kettle of boiling water over upon it. It was scalded to death.

"Then there was another spell of corking me up. Bah! I knew it would not last forever. But it did last a good while—for years, indeed; and the eldest children were tall slips of lads, and everything was looking up again, when one Christmas time somebody mixed a bowl of punch. It was a merry Christmas for me. At midnight two tipsy boys fell to fighting—two brothers who had never quarrelled before. One killed the other.

"This time the bottle was not corked again. The father drank to drown his sorrow; the son to bury his remorse; the mother that she might not remember. Let me think it over. What came then? More land sold—decay and desolation everywhere. One son runs away to sea. One robs his employer and goes to prison. The girl—well, she ran away, too; I don't know all the story. And one night my man—I call him my man because he loved me so—was brought home on a shutter—a bleeding mass—dead. He had been

very drunk, and had gone up into the church-tower and jumped off.

“Now only the woman was left—an old woman, shabby, dirty, poor, a widow, and childless. She was a pretty young bride when I first saw her. She filled me well; she emptied me often. At last, one day she sat over the fire. She had been drinking, and her breath was heavy with the fumes of liquor. A flame leaped up and caught it. The next morning what looked like a charred log lay upon the floor. The coroner called it ‘Spontaneous combustion.’ I couldn’t help laughing.”

“You fiend!” cried I.

“Yes,” said the little imp, “that’s what I am. I’m stupid now, though, and superannuated, as I said. Do me a favor—won’t you? Just fill the bottle up, and you’ll see what I can do.”

But the next moment I had seized the bottle by the neck and cast it upon the hearth, where it lay scattered in a thousand fragments, and so laid the ghost of the old house.

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## MOTHERS AND FATHERS: TWO PICTURES.

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LITTLE WILLY.—Mother? Oh, you mean my mamma. Oh, she’s nicer than anybody else. She calls me her little darling, and she gives me pretty toys, and reads me nice books. She teaches me to say my prayers at night; and nothing can hurt me even when it is dark, because the good angels watch over me. But I’m not afraid, anyhow, for she would cuddle me all up if anything made me cry. We go out to walk together, and she tells me about all the things I see; and I’m going to learn fast, and grow up, and be a big boy to be proud of. I won’t do anything mean to make her ashamed; and I wouldn’t say a naughty swear word like the boys in the street, because she would cry to hear me so wicked. She made me that little white rabbit and my new jacket, and when I had the measles she sat by me all day. Once she went away on a

visit, and I cried—I was so lonesome. She was lonesome, too. She don't like to go away from home long. She's the nicest person in the world ; only papa is just as nice. He kisses me when he goes out, and he rides me on his back in the garden, and he makes rabbits on the wall with his fingers, and he takes mamma and me out to ride, and says we are his treasures, and he takes care of us both, and mamma says he's the best man in the world, and I guess he is.

LITTLE NEDDIE.—*My* mamma is pretty. She's so pretty I want to kiss her, but I muss her hair. She don't often come to breakfast with papa and me, because she gets so tired dancing at the balls. When I tumbled down stairs and broke my arm she was at a party, and she didn't know it until next day. But if she gets up I don't think it's nice, for papa scolds her, and says he'll put an end to waltzing with the captain. Does your ma ever waltz with captains? And do you think pa don't like it because the captain might get mad and kill her with his sword? I'm afraid of soldiers. I'm afraid of ghosts, too. Biddy says if I don't sleep sound a ghost will fetch me up chimney. Biddy is our French maid, with a cap. She gives the bread and butter to her cousin James, and I can't go to sleep because I am so hungry. I told pa once, and he said: "Poor child! why, have you no mother?" but I asked if ma wasn't my mother, and I don't know what he meant. I don't go into ma's room, because I'm troublesome. I spilt the aurora, one day, all over the rouge and lily white. Don't you know what they are? Why, they are things to make ma look pretty. But I wouldn't care if pa would make me a kite, like the one your pa made for you. But he's always so busy, and he groans so when he's home. He goes down town all day, and once I asked ma what he went for, and she said, "To make money, and that is all he is good for." Did your pa ever fail? My pa says he will, if ma's dressmaker's bill is three thousand and twenty-one dollars again. But ma says he's only a miser. I guess I'd like to come to your house and have your ma and pa instead of mine.

## MRS. TUBBS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

WELL, really, since listening to that wonderful Miss Bigwitz who lectured to us on Thursday night, I *have* felt ashamed of myself. For a girl who was so much thought of in school, I *have* neglected my mind dreadfully. I know Miss Bigwitz is right in saying that a woman can't be her husband's companion unless she does improve her mind. My husband, Jefferson Tubbs, the leading butter-dealer in Creamtown, ought not to find a want of intellectual companionship at home. I'll begin this minute and read political economy. It's vacation, and the children have no lessons to look over. No better time, I'm sure. Here it is: "Principles of Political Economy;" and here is a chapter on "Credit as a Substitute for Money."

I'm sure that credit did not turn out well as a substitute for money, when Jefferson let those Poachers have ten tubs of the best butter without sending in his bill. They haven't paid for 'em yet. Ah! I agree with this writer: "The functions of credit have been a subject of as much misunderstanding and as much confusion as any single topic in political economy." I should think so, indeed! I often tell Jefferson what I think of that. No credit ought to be given. Let me see what comes next. Ah, yes: "This is not owing to any peculiar difficulty in the theory of the subject, but to the complex nature of some of the mercantile phenomena in which credit clothes itself."

Well, what a wonderful observer this writer is, to be sure. I've often thought I should be ashamed to go out, as Mrs. Poacher does, in a hat with fourteen ostrich tips that have not been paid for, and a brocade velvet cloak she is dunned for every morning. Mercantile phenomena, indeed! That's just what she wears! I'd rather wear nice, plain, lady-like things. No mercantile phenomena goes on my back! Oh, gracious, what's the matter now?

Selina, what *is* the matter? You're soaked to the skin. Fell into the pond, and most drowned, and got a little fish in your ear?

Why, you'll be deaf for life. Oh, there, it's out! You've killed me with fright. Where's the baby? You don't know! Run everybody and look for baby. Oh, gracious! Nora's got her! What a mercy! You shan't one of you go out again. Sit down there, and read your books. I can't improve my mind while you go on so. Political economy takes a lot of studying over, and it's a most important subject. It's tiresome, too. I feel as if I'd improved my mind enough for one day, and I'll do a block of my crazy quilt now, for, really, my brain feels quite overworked, and I ought to rest it.

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### AUNT BETSY ON MARRIAGE.

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DEAR ME! When we think of what we might do and don't do—of the opportunities we neglect—we have great cause to reproach ourselves. I'm very, very sorry that youthful levity caused me to refuse the hand of Mr. Melanthon Gypsum when I was a girl. I objected to him because he had warts on his nose and was cross-eyed. What a silly young creature I was, to be sure! *Such* an opportunity! Why, you know him, dear. It is the Dr. Gypsum who is paying attention to Widow Potkins now. He has found five partners to share his labors. Why, you shocking girl! No, he's *not* a Mormon. He's had the misfortune to lose five wives. *That's* nothing to smile at, I'm sure !

When he proposed to me I was a mere child. He told me he was well aware that no woman's constitution would stand the climate he was going to more than two years. He was then twenty-one, and expected to stay abroad until he was forty, so he would have nine or ten wives at least during his sojourn in that foreign land, and I suppose he thought it was my duty to be the first one. He didn't look for happiness in this wicked world, he said, and he hoped I didn't either. But, as I said, I was frivolous at the time. The first Mrs. Gypsum lived two years. I've read her biography. The natives used her dreadfully. She was just eighteen when she left this world.

Ah! when I called at the parsonage the other day I saw the por-

traits of Dr. Gypsum's wives, all in a row: Clarissa Gypsum, aged eighteen; Maria Gypsum, aged twenty; Martha Gypsum, aged seventeen (she died on the voyage over); Sarah Gypsum, aged twenty-four, and Amelia Gypsum, who lived to be forty. She was a widow when the doctoer married her, and the only one of his wives that knew how to manage natives. Mr. Gypsum came home one day and found her driving two of 'em about harnessed to a little basket carriage. They thought it was their duty; she'd told 'em 'twas. Mr. Gypsum didn't like it, but *I* think it was right smart of her. Don't you?

They fried her in slices at last, I'm told, and offered her up to a big stone idol with three noses, that they thought all the world of. All of 'em came to some violent end but the one that died going over; and two or three of the little babies were carried off, and maybe are worshipping idols now, for all we know about them. Dear me! I've seen the biographies of the five wives, all in blue and gold, with a portrait on the first page.

Ah! if I hadn't been so frivolous mine might have been among 'em. There isn't one so good looking as I am, and how proud I should have been of it, to be sure. But that's the way with young girls; they can't see what's best for 'em.

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## THE SLOWLYS AT THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S.

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“**C**APPEN,” said Sam, the other day, to pa, “have you had your ‘pietur’ taken yet?”

“No,” says pa, “we hain’t. Cherubs and young gals look well enough in pietur’s, but arter fifty years o’ seafarin’ a man ain’t pictorial.”

“Why, eappen,” says Sam, “all distinguished men have their pietur’s taken. There’s Sherman, and Sheridan, and General Washington, and Bismarek, and Gladstone, and all the rest of ‘em have all been took frequent.”

“Well,” says the eappen, “that’s no rule for me.”

"Oh, pa," says Minervy, "let's hev our pictur's taken in a family group."

"Do, pa," says I.

"Very well," says pa. "If you want to do it, do it. I'll go along."

So we went. The pictur'-room was atop o' the house, and arter we'd climbed there nobody but the cappen, who is used to gales of wind, could speak to the folks for want of breath.

So he marches up to the gentleman that stood in the middle of the room, looking, as Minervy said, just like Shakespeare, with his turn-down collar and p'nted beard, though *I* never knew Mr. Shakespeare myself, and couldn't say. And says he, "Here's Mrs. Cappen Slowly, and my darter Minervy, and Cousin Sam, and me, all come to be took, mate. We want to be in one pictur', and take us as large and bright as you can. It ain't my doin' comin', but the wimmin folks', so don't sot it down to vanity."

By this time Sam got his breath.

"Mister," says he, "the cappen is modest. He's worthy not only of havin' his pictur' took, but of havin' it framed. This here is Cappen Slowly, commander o' the Amelia, lastly runnin' betwixt Onerville and Muddy Holler with cargoes o' kindlin'-wood and fine feed, but formerly afloat on the boundin' billers of the onconquorable ocean. Take him good."

"We shall do our best," says the pictur'-taker.

Jest then *I* got *my* breath. "Mister," says I, "if you please, I'd like to be took younger. I've got dreadful old these last ten years. I'd ruther hev' my wrinkles left out."

Mr. Shakespeare—I mean the man that looked like him—bowed and smiled.

Minervy said nothin'. Only when she wus asked she said she preferred standin' behind her ma and pa. So Sam he preferred that too.

So we wus all screwed up at the back of our necks as if we were going to be executed, and the gentleman says:

"I beg you will not move," and retires behind a curtain. Just then the cappen takes out his pocket-handkercher and blows his nose.

It wus in consequence o' that that the pictur' took as it did. It wus all pocket-handkerchers.

The gentleman looked perlite but worried.

Says he, "If you please, you must sit again, and quietly, I beg." So we wus screwed up again.

This time *we* wus all right, but Minervy and Sam were two big blots bumpin' against each other.

The cappen look at 'em.

"Sam," says he, "I don't make no charges, but ef you'd kissed Minervy, this here might have looked jest so."

"As ef I'd have let him," says Minervy.

Sam only turned the color o' biled beets.

So we sot again, like clockwork, bolt upright. But bless you! jest as all wus ready, I sneezed! 'Twusn't my fault. I couldn't help it.

This time Mr. Shakespeare (I can't help callin' him so) wus perlitely mad. He gave us a lectur' on the perpriety o' sittin' quiet when we wus a bein' took.

"Well," said I, "I know it is necessary, but sneezin' is done in unguarded minutes. I couldn't help it."

So we sot again. This time you never saw such frozen objects—like cast iron. We must take good now, says I. But at the solemn minute of coverin' up the pictur' machine and Mr. Shakespeare altogether with black, like a walkin' funeral, Sam trod on Minervy's toe, and, in gettin' off, oversot himself. Over he came a top o' the cappen, and both of 'em together on the floor, and the back out of the chair, and two of the spokes, which, bein' of white wood, I took for the cappen's bones when I see 'em a lyin' on the floor, and screeched horrid.

But nobody wus hurt, except that by this time Mr. Shakespeare wus frantic, and came out so red in the face I thought he wus a goin' to have apperplexy.

Says the cappen, "Mate, we've broke your chair and spiled your pictur'. What's the damage?"

But he said the chair had been injured before, and asked us to sit again.

So we sot. This time nothin' happened. Mr. Shakespeare came out and told us the pictur' wus all right.

And we waited.

He went into a little room, and staid a while.

Then out he marched, smilin', contented, and proud, and give us the pictur'.

I give one look at it. Says I:

"*Them* are *us*?" Then I sat down overcome.

The pictur' wus on iron, kinder cloudy and the biggest parts of us wus our upper lips. My mouth wus from ear to ear, and Minervy's met behind. As for the cappen, his nose is small by natur' and as it wus took by art it skeered me.

The cappen looked at it kinder stern.

"My lad," says he, "we hev' give you trouble, but you'd orter hev' revenged yourself better than to caricatur' us this way. We ain't objects of ridicule I hope, my lad, to you and your mate?"

"Far from it," says Mr. Shakespeare. "Those are in my opinion good likenesses."

"Mate," says the cappen, "it's hard to know yourself. I'd hev' said, wal, mebbe arter all that is like me. But I kin see Mrs. Slowly, and Minervy, and Cousin Sam, and never hev' I seen 'em grim and savage like these. When we paired off, my Sarah wus as likely a lass as ever walked, and I don't see more change than usual. And though we've been to Barnum's biggest show on earth, he didn't ask to have Minervy and Sam there, as he would if they'd looked like this. It's a shabby trick, my lad, and it makes it wuss to call 'em likenesses. I shan't take the pictur'. But I'll pay you for your trouble if you'll put it in the fire."

Then Mr. Shakespeare kinder turned on his heel and walked off, and talked to some ladies comin' in, and the cappen pitched the pictur' into the stove himself, and put a dollar on the table, and we walked ont.

Since then I've seen more pictures, and I've kinder made up my mind it wusn't done a purpose.

## A FASHIONABLE VACATION.

OFF the first of next week ! My goodness ! What a lot of things to be done ! I think I shall go crazy. The poor girls haven't a thing to wear, and I am like a beggar. Twenty-eight new dresses last summer ? Yes, I know, dear, but that was only seven apiece, and nothing but side-pleating was worn then, and now everything is puffed. Can't I puff up the side-pleatings ? Oh ! if that isn't exactly like a man. But no matter, dear ; you can't help it ; you were born so. Puffings are bias, and pleatings are straight.

'Ah ! if we were only able to go off camping at four hours' notice as the boys are, with a lot of blue shirts and some celluloid collars ! If the girls were sensible, we might ? Now there is another proof that girls need a mother. Poor things ! If I were to die I've no doubt you'd take them to the country in plain blue flannel dresses and fisherman's hats, as Doctor Duckweed does his two poor orphans.

And how rosy and fat *they* are when they come back ? Oh, yes, dear ; rosy enough, and fat enough. Miss Delight, our dressmaker, tells me their belts are twenty-six inches ! Now, Mand and Mildred are eighteen inches and Rose is only twenty. I've seen to their corsets since they were ten years old. Let me see—lend me your pencil, dear. What will you allow me for dresses ? I know you are very generous to the girls, and though of course I don't care myself—very much otherwise—I must be elegant to chaperone them.

Oh ! I'll show you their shoes, dear. I've got them their shoes already. Well—what a face ! Did you ever see anything so pretty ? And only number two and a half ! They can't take a country walk in those high heels ? Why, of course not, you old-fashioned soul ! And come home all tanned and blowsy, and with great, vulgar appetites ; and young Richards, and old Mr. Bloomingburg, and all the rest to be there !

My goodness, dear ! I believe you think I take all this trouble

every year, and put you to all this expense, just to give the girls fresh air and country walks. Why, we could all go down to poor old Uncle Peter's and board on the fat of the land for five dollars a week a pieee, and any old things would do; and as for walks and hay rides, and boating, there'd be no end. And I *should* enjoy it. But time is flying; our eldest girl is twenty—though you must not tell anybody—and we must get them married well. That's what going to Saratoga, and Newport, and all the rest of it, means to loving mothers, dear.

What! You're shoeked? You think of Turkish slaves? You wouldn't have your girls marry a young raseal like Richards or a dishonest millionaire like Bloomingburg? When a good man loves one of them— Oh, stop there, you dear, old-fashioned thing, and let a mother do her best for her darlings. How much will you give me this season?

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## MRS. WINKLE'S GRANDSON.

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THIS is my grandson, Billy, Mr. Bernaele. I'm sure after you've been here a month you'll think as much of him as I do. He's *so* lively and agreeable! The house is never dull as long as he is in it. You can hear him from the time he gets up until he goes to bed. There isn't a comie song he don't know, nor a byword; and he plays the aeeordeon *bee-utiful*—don't you, Billy, pet?

“Must be a musical genius?” Oh, yes, sir; but he's so variously gifted, too, is Billy. He's real inventive. As soon as ever he sees a watch he pieks it to pieees and makes a windmill of it. Of course I don't let him have the boarders' watches generally; but sometimes he *will* get 'em, and some folks is so tetehy.

Mr. Bernacle, this is the room; nice and airy, ain't it? Yes, the windows *are* a little broken. “Every pane eraeked?” Yes, so I see. We'll have that fixed in no time. Poor little Billy did that with his pea-shooter. It's a joy to see him; he can hit so straight. I often sit and watch him.

“ Furniture looks scratched ?” Well, you see, Billy is real talented —likes to draw and paint. You ought to see the pictures he draws of the boarders; comic pictures, with words coming out of their mouths on scrolls. He hits ‘em off so’t I die a laughing e’en a’most.

“ Is this Billy’s room ?” Oh, no, sir. He sleeps nearer his own grandma than that ; but somehow the dear child has got a key that opens all the doors, and I can’t find where he hides it. I’d think it my duty to take it away if I could, but after all, we wouldn’t have half the amusing surprises we do if he hadn’t it. He makes it so gay and lively for us with his jokes.

Yes, the arm does come off that big chair. Billy makes a horse of it ; but we’ll mend it. I think you’d better have this room, it’s so cheerful. Eh ! Not coming at all ? Well—as you please, of course. Billy, you shouldn’t have done that, screwing the gentleman’s coat-tails to the door-post while we were talking. See what a piece he has torn out, turnig suddenly. Good-by, sir. Humph ! Old Sobersidcs ! Nothing would make him laugh. We don’t want such a boarder, do we, Billy ?

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## THE SLOWLYS AT THE THEATRE.

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WHEN I came to York I hadn’t ever been to a play. That plays wus wicked I had always heerd, and there wus an actor at the tavern a spell that drank like mad, besides havin’ threc wives, all of which came after him, and made the landlady’s heart ahe eryin’ in the parlor, and he unfeelin’ as a frog, and ended by com-unittin’ suicide.

I hadn’t ever been to a play, and when the cappen came home, and says he :

“ Now, ma and Minervy, put on your new top-sails, for I’m goin’ to steer you to a theayter this evenin’,”

Why, I opened my eyes and lifted up my hands, and says I :

“ Cappen, don’t talk wicked.”

“ What d’ye mean, ma ?” says he.

"Why, pa," says I, "plays are sinful."

"Who told you so?" says he.

Says I, "I dunno who told me. It's one o' them facts folks knows from the kind o' intooition; but I suppose it won't hurt to go and see the play, and if it's wicked we'll never go no more."

"Agreed, ma," says he.

So Minervy and me went and dressed ourselves in our best, and off we went in an omnibus, and down we wus sot at the door of the theayter.

I dunno what wickedness players may be up to, but there wus a young man walled up alive sellin' tickets. I looked and looked, and there wusn't any door for him to get out at, only a window, and I suppose they put his food in that way. I asked the cappen, and he says:

"Sarah, aeeordin' to my reckonin', they're afraid he'd make off with all that money if so be he had his liberty, and p'raps it's in the agreement that he shall be walled up for a eertain space o' time. Tickets, if you please, mate."

"How many?" says the poor young man, quite brisk and cheerful.

Says he, "For me and these two ladies—wife and darter."

"Reserved seats?" says the young man.

"We want first-cabin passage, whatever it is," says the cappen.

So he gave us tickets, and in we went. It looked like meetin'. Everybody in there had bunnets, and all sittin' up proper jest as if they wus goin' to be preached to.

"I don't believe it's a bit wicked, Minervy," I said.

"La, don't, ma," says Minervy. "Everybody'll hear you."

Well, a nice, slick young man that they ealled an usher pointed out our seats, and pretty soon the music began. It wus splendid. I never heerd such musie, though Minervy and her cousin Sam does play duets together on the piannerforty and the fiddle sometimes.

There wus a beautiful pietur' straight before me, and I wus admirin' it, when suddenly it rose up; and then I began to know what the theayter wus.

There wus the nicest young gal you ever knew wus obliged to

play a guitar and sing to get victuals to eat; and there wus a young man that had come from the country somewhere, and whether he knew the money wus counterfeit or not, I wouldn't like to say, for I myself gave our grocer a bad half-dollar, and never knew it until it wus given back. But he passed it, anyhow. But there wus some good in him, for he gave real money to the poor gal with the guitar, and it wus pretty to see how obligated she wus to him.

But it seemed to me, too, that that young man—Robert Brierly wus his name—wus jest a little the worse for somethin' he'd taken. He wus pretty, though, with his yellow hair and pink cheeks, and when they came and arrested him I jest riz up, and says I:

“Do let him off! I’m sure he didn’t know it, and if he did he won’t do it again.”

Says the cappen, “Ma, don’t interfere. Law is law, and when it’s broke must have its course. There’ll be a trial, and if he ain’t guilty, why he’ll clear himself.”

So I jest sat down and cried, and waited jest as anxious as if he had been a neighbor.

Well, the curtain riz again. I don’t know why they didn’t leave it up to let us see what happened. And there wus the young gal. She didn’t play the guitar no more for a livin’, but took in sewin’. I thought the more of her for takin’ up some respectable trade as soon as she could, as I told the lady next me; and she paid her rent regular, for so the old lady down stairs said when she come in for it. A nicer old lady I never knew, and how I felt for her!

That grandchild of hers wus the plague of her life, and she sat down and told us all about it.

Says I, “Ma’am, I know your feelin’s well, and there’s Mrs. Brown, down our way, she suffers as you do with hers.”

Says the cappen, “Beggin’ pardon, ma’am. But have you rope’s-ended him? ‘Spare the rod and spile the child’ is scriptur’. If he troubles you any more, jest hand him over to *me* and I’ll fix him.”

“Oh, *do* hush,” says Minervy.

“Minervy,” says I, “when I’m spoke to I shall answer, be it where it may.”

Mrs. Jones she lived in the same house, too. She’s lovely, but

not, as I should say, genteel. And as for singin' when I had such a cold and wus so obliged to sneeze, I wouldn't do it. I felt sorry for her, and says I, "Don't, ma'am, I beg. I know that you'll be hoarse to-night, for a cold ain't to be trifled with. Take a cup of yarb tea and soak your feet in hot water, and don't put yourself out to sing for us no more."

Then everybody laughed. Why, goodness knows.

I felt so took up with Mr. Brierly that I couldn't think of any one but him. Well, he wus engaged to Miss May, and they didn't like to tell it, so she called him her brother. And I've known plenty who thus spoke of their steady company as cousins, and it wusn't much worse.

And then to see Mr. Brierly in the nice old gentleman's office, lookin' so spruce and bright, and behavin' so nice, and goin' to be married to Miss May.

"Well," says I to pa, "I never felt more pleased about a stranger in my life."

Oh my! oh my! and jest then the dreadfulest things were comin' to him. Troubles never come single, you know, and it shows what keepin' bad company is. They turn up jest when they're not wanted, after you've tried to get rid of 'em.

Mr. Hawkshaw, he wus a detective, and, I should say, a nice, steady man, though with a temper, and he never told a word about what he knew to the old gentleman that hired Bob Brierly in his office; and how could he, when Mr. Brierly stood askin' him not to, with his eyes? I didn't durst speak to Mr. Hawkshaw, because the old gentleman might have heerd, but I jest nodded and winked at him, as much as to say, "I saw what you did, and I take it very kind of you."

And then there came in such a nice old gentleman—oh, so respectable, that nobody ever would have thought he could do any wrong. I'm sure I'd have trusted him with thousands; and if he didn't try to pick the safe open! And, bless you! Mr. Brierly caught him, and he wus a dreadful critter in disguise—one he'd knowed of old. And, out of revenge, the fellow that wanted to rob the safe went and got the other old thief to tell how that poor

Brierly wus a ticket-of-leave man. And out it all come on the day he wns to be married!

"Oh," says I, turnin' to him. "Stop," says I. "Reflect on what you're doin', and be kind to that poor young man." But he never looked at me, no more'n if I hadn't spoken, not a bit more; and away they went. And when the nice old lady, that I told you of, sat down, I saw her feelin's wns like mine.

"And it's *too* bad, ma'am," says I. "Jest when he wus gettin' on *so* nice."

But the worse hadn't come. I wouldn't go through it again for worlds. That nice young man came down to diggin' sewers and carryin' the hod. And even then sot agin by his bad companions, that put even those common laborers up to turnin' their backs on him. And he hadn't a decent suit of clothes to his back, poor dear, and he hadn't had the heart to comb his hair; and his poor eyelids, how pink they were! Oh, my! I cried and cried.

And then, down in that drinkin'-cellar, what did them wretches do but get at him and try to make him promise to help 'em rob his old master. And he agreed.

"Oh, dear!" says I. "Young man, don't, I beg and pray of you, don't. You'll feel the worse for doin' wrong."

But then, how mistook I wus; for it wus only to find out all about it. And when they were gone down cellar, he wrote a note tellin' all about it. And, says he:

"But who'll carry it?"

And says the capp'en: "Leave it here. I will, my lad."

But Mr. Hawkshaw, he wus asleep on the table, and he took it.

And then, if there wusn't the office outside, and if the house-breakers didn't go in, and if Robert didn't go in with 'em, and his poor wife lookin' over the gate, talkin' to that critter, that no name is bad enough for, and beggin' him to tell her where her husband wus; and all the while he wus in there with the house-breakers.

And then there came Mr. Hawkshaw, and ehoked the old rascal, and laid down behind a tomb, and pouneed on 'em when they come out, and there wus an awful fight, and the wretch shot poor Robert.

Up jumped the capp'en.

"I'll help ye, my lads," says he.

Says I, "Don't rush into danger, pa. Remember me and Minervy."

But pa would have gone, only the gentleman playin' the violin caught him by the leg.

Says he, "Stop, sir; assistance has arrived." And sure enough it had, and the rascals were treed, and Robert Brierly's wife and the old gentleman wus a-liftin' him up.

There he sat, so white, all but his poor pink eyelids, and the blood runnin' from the awful wound on his forehead. And they were a-thankin' him, and says he, "There may be some good even in a ticket-of-leave man."

"Oh," says I, "yes, yes. You've proved it, and we know you'll never do wrong no more if you live."

But down came the curtain, and up riz the folks. Pa and me sat still.

"Pa," says I, "I can't go until I know whether he'll get over it."

"Nor I," says pa.

So we went up front, and I caught hold of the sleeve of the young man that played the violin.

Says I, "Mister, if you please, is he better?"

"It looked pretty desperate. I've knowed men to die of less," said the cappen. "So don't laugh, mate. It's Mr. Brierly we ask after. My compliments, and Mrs. Slowly's, and our darter Minervy's, and how does he find himself?"

"And if there's any one needed to sit up, I'll come," says I, "and willin'."

"And providin' he recovers," says the cappen, "I've a brother that deals in ship stores, and he'll give him a berth, and glad to have him on my advice."

Well, the young man *did* laugh, I know, but he told us quite polite that Mr. Brierly was not dangerous, and that the old gentleman would employ him.

Then we went home; but I wouldn't go through with it again for millions, and every night since I've dreamt of him, with his poor pink eyelids and his white cheeks, and that awful wound on his head, and I'll never go to a play to suffer so again in all my life !

## MRS. SLOWLY AT THE HOTEL.

**N**O, never, never will I live at a hotel again; not unless I come to my dotage. It's the awfulest thing I ever had to do; and it's a marsy that I ain't shot dead and murdered for it this blessed minute.

The cappen had business that kept him out last night, and Minervy went to bed airy, and arter she had gone I felt an awful ache, and felt sure I was goin' to have the cholery. Then it come into my mind how't old Doctor Puffer used to say, "Cholery and brandy don't agree together. In times of cholery always have your brandy bottle handy." And it struck me that I'd go down and get a glass with some hot water before it wus too late. So I took a goblet, and went out and along all them windin's and meanderin's, and staircases and entrys and halls, until I come to a waiter.

Then I says to him—speakin' as polite as I could—for, black or not, them that deserves it should so be spoke to—says I, "If you please, young man, couldn't you get me some brandy and water? Not that I'm in the habit of drinkin', which goodness forbid in any female, much less me; but I feel as if I wus agoin' to be took with cholery, and an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure."

Says he, "I'll get it in a minnute, mum."

And off he went, and back he come, flourishin' his haund, and bowin' when he gave it to me as polite as if he wus as white as chalk.

So I took the brandy and water, and away I went up to my room, as I thought, and I went in. Brussels carpet and white shades and marble-topped bureau and all. So I sot down the brandy and water, and went to the bed to get my night-cap from under the pillow, when, goody gracious! what should I see there but a man's face, bound up and snorin' horrid. There wus his things, too, a hangin' on the headboard, and I knowed in a minute I must have got into the wrong room!

I e'en a'most screeched, and up I caught my brandy and water and out I went and tried the next door.

That wus open, too, and now I felt sure I'd got right, when a woman's voice hollers:

“Who's there?”

Says I, “It's only me.” And away I went again, beginnin' to feel as skeery as if I wus in a church-yard.

There wus numbers on all the horrid doors, and I remembered there wus a three in mine. So when I saw 33 on one I said:

“I'm arrived at last,” and in I poked.

There wus carpet and bureau and bed just alike. But I hadn't more than crossed the sill when somebody yells, “Murder! thieves!” And though it was darkish, I saw a man sittin' up in bed pointin' a pistol at me.

“Oh, don't shoot!” says I. “It's only me.” And out I rushed, and I heerd the critter get up and bolt the door, and swear horrid.

I had to take a little sup of brandy to keep me from droppin' after that, and I says to myself:

“Is it your fate, Sarah Slowly, to be took for a burglar, and shot dead arter all? Is this your end?” And I went on lookin' by the gas-light for numbers with three's in 'em.

Every door I shook or opened, and every one wus wrong; and at last I sat down on the foot of the stairs, and cried like the babes in the wood, and them poor little critters couldn't have felt worse than I did. I knew I wus on our floor, because there wus a big scratch on the banisters that Sam made goin' down one day with his umbrella that happened to be broke, and that he very nearly put into my eye.

So it seemed to me as if I would be bewitched, and there I sat and cried until a man in a white coat came along, and says lie:

“May I ask what is the matter, ma'ain?”

Says I, “You may, for it's time somebody asked. I'm Mrs. Slowly, from the country, an old lady as you see, and not used to city ways, and I've been down to get some brandy and water; not that I'm fond of it, but that I felt sure that I wus gettin' the cholery; and I've lost my way, and here I be. And here I may perish before mornin', for find my way I can't.”

"But, dear me, why didn't you ring for the waiter, ma'am?" says the man.

Says I, "I'm a plain body, and never wus brought up to take airs and ring servants about, but now I wish I had, I do deelare, for I am lost as mueh as if I wus in the woods. All I know is, my room has a three in the number on the door."

He laughed.

"We'll find your room, ma'am," says he. "Come on, if you please. Now is *this* it—twenty-threc?"

"No," says I. "There I remember I made the first mistake and went in, where there is a person, not to say a nian, a-bed, and snorin' sound."

"Ah," says he. "Now thirty-threc?"

But I knew it warn't. However, he knoeked.

Somebody eame to the door.

"We are lookin' for this lady's room," says he. "Mrs. ——?"

"Mrs. Cappen Slowly," says I.

"This is *mine*," says a voiee.

So we went on to the next door.

"Somebody is tryin' to break in, John," says a woman.

"I've got a loaded pistol under my pillow," says what I did suppose to be her husband. "So whoever is there beware."

"What a eoward!" says the kind gentleman, knockin' at the next. But it wus the same old story—they hollered and screeched and swore, and none of the rooms wus mine.

"I'll call a waiter, ma'am," says the gentleman.

So up eame one arter he had rung, and looks at me standin' with my tumbler of brandy and water, and grins.

"Can't find your room, ma'am?" says he. "Why it's twenty-threc."

"My!" says I. "In there I have been, and found a person snorin'."

"I'm eertain sure, ma'am," says he.

"No," says I. "It isn't that."

"Then you've mistook the fioor," says the gentleman.

And perhaps I had, so off we went and all over the house again,

everybody swearin' and scrcamin', and offerin' to shoot, and still no room for me.

The waiter and the gentleman looked at each other, and the gentleman says:

“ You *must* try twenty-three, ma'am.”

Says I, “ I did. But if you don't believe me, there's a man in there a-bed snorin'.”

So the gentleman pulled open the door, and the snores came out like a patent coffee-mill a-grindin'.

“ You are right, ma'am,” says the gentleman. “ Waiter, go and find out directly what this lady's number really is.”

So away he went, and back he comes.

“ Cappen and Mrs. Slowly's room is number twenty-three,” says he.

“ Then,” says the gentleman, “ some stranger has gone in by accident or design. We must have him out.”

“ Oh, if he is a robber and a desperado he may shoot you both,” says I.

“ So he may. Better call the landlord,” says the waiter.

And off he went, and back he came with the landlord and another gentleman, and we told 'em what it wus.

“ Some gentleman who has been drinkin' more than wus good for him I suppose,” says the landlord, and in he walked.

“ Come,” says he, “ you've made a mistake, sir. This is a lady's room.”

The man only snored. Then he shook him. All of a sudden out he bounded and made at us. I ran and screamed. So did the rest. Then the man held the door ajar and peeped out.

“ What ails ye all, you lubbers?” he hollers. “ Is the house a-fire, or what do you rouse a man out of his berth for in the middle watch?”

“ I beg your pardon,” says the landlord; “ there's a little mistake. This is Cappen Slowly's room.”

“ I know it,” says the man, “ and that's why Cappen Slowly is here.”

“ La!” says I, “ if it ain't the cappen come home unbeknownnt

to me. And it was him in bed all the while and not a stranger." And so it wus, and twenty-three wus my room, after all.

The landlord and the gentleman and the waiter wus all polite, but they laughed, notwithstandingin'. And I'm ashamed to show my face, for the cappen says they'll lay it all to the brandy and water, of which I only took one swallow, and spilt the rest, or my name ain't Sarah Ann Slowly.

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## THE TRAGEDY AT DODD'S PLACE.

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HE came into the store with a face full of misery, and sat down upon a box beside the stove and began to cry. It was a queer thing for a man like that to do—a great, rough laborer fifty years of age. Some dreadful trouble must have come upon him to make him show his sorrow in that way. The strangers stared sympathetically. After awhile the proprietor of the store said :

" Well, neighbor, you seem to be in trouble ; can we help you any ? "

The man did not look up ; he shook his head and said :

" No, no, no. It's very kind of you, but nobody can help me. I suppose you think I'm an old fool ; but she was all the family I had, and she's dead ;" and a great tear splashed down upon the floor.

" She's dead. You can't do me any good now ; but if you'd come around to my little shanty there about nine o'clock last night you might have done some good, I dunno. When a man is determined to make a brute of himself he'll do it, perhaps ; but if there'd been some one there to say, ' Dodd, what on airth are you about ? ' why, mebbe—I dunno, though, I was mad. When a man's mad and has had a glass too much, what's the use of talking to him ? It's fixed things for me. Anyway—Lord forgive me ! she's dead."

The tears splashed down again ; but the people looked at him with faces that had lost a little sympathy.

" You didn't, didn't do anything to bring it on, whatever it was ? "

said an old lady with a large basket on her arm. "I shouldn't have thought it of you."

"Yes, I did, I did," sobbed the man. "If it hadn't been for me it never would have happened. I loved her too. Yes, I did love her. Nobody could say she'd ever had a hard word from me before in all the days we'd lived together; but last night I'd had a glass too much, and I stopped at the butcher's down in the village and bought a bit of steak—a man wants a change from pork once in a way—and she was fond of steak, she was; and I jest fetched it in and said to her: 'We'll have a supper to-night, eh?' and she sort of nodded and winked at me, jest as jolly, and then I went out to the well to draw water, and, as a body does sometimes when a body is in a hurry, I lost the bucket off, and I was a terrible time finding it, and when I went in—well, you see, I went in with an appetite—and there she sat, and—well, I ain't dainty, but I couldn't have touched that steak to save me. I got madder than I ever was before, and I jest around and gave her a kick. Yes, I did. If I was to be hung for it to-morrow I'd have to own up. I kicked her."

"You brute!" said the woman with the basket; "kicked her because your steak didn't suit you! Well may you cry."

"Yes'm," said the man. "You can't speak harder to me than I feel to myself. I kicked her in the side, and what is more, I opened the door and I kicked her out of it, and then I jest sat down alongside my fire and talked the worst kind to myself—I did indeed; and I said I'd never let her in again. Yes'm, you can look as you like at me; I deserve it; and then I went to bed."

"Went to bed and left her out in the cold?" said the old lady. "Never seeing whether she was dead or not?"

"Yes, I did, and more than that, I went to sleep. I slept sound, too; and what do you suppose waked me? Why, her voice—I knew it from a thousand. It was the awfulest shriek, and then another, and then another, and it eame all over me what I'd done. I'd turned her that had slept alongside of me winter nights more years than I could remember, out into the cold night. I'd kicked her out. Oh, I was sober then, I tell you. I saw what a brute I was, to do a thing like that, all for a bit of paltry steak, and I got

up and I went to the door and I called, but she didn't come. I called again, and then I heard her scream, but fainter and farther off ; and then I felt a kind of horror coming over me, and I dressed myself and took my lantern and went out. I walked this way and that. I looked and I called. I swung the lantern low and I held it high. There wasn't a sign of her ; and at last I got down to Bolter's pond, there by the edge of the woods, you know, and I heard a kind of growling ; and past me, all in a hurry, as they go when they've been doing mischief, flew those dogs of Bolter's—fierce devils ! but they knew enough to be afraid of me then.

“ And when I saw them my heart stood still, and I swung the lantern low again, and I saw her. She lay alongside the pond, and her gray hair was dabbled in blood, and the marks of the dogs' teeth were on her neck ; and I jest took her up in my arms and carried her along the road home and brought her to the fire, and there I eried over her and called her all the pet names I used to call her when I first had her a little young thing ; but it wasn't any use—she was jest stiff and cold, and I laid her down on the bed, and there she's laid ever since. Oh, it's dreadful !”

“ Yes, and you deserve to be hung,” said the old lady ; “ but now suppose she isn't dead, and maybe she isn't. Let us go over with you, and stop and fetch the doctor. Folks have been brought to that seemed dead.”

“ Well, I'll do it,” said the man ; “ but it's no use, I know.”

Then the proprietor of the store called his wife to wait on it, and he headed a procession of his customers, and they all went to Dodd's cabin, calling on the doctor as they passed his house, and taking him with them. When they came to the house no one eared to be the first to go in ; but at last the doctor, as being best used to such things, opened the door. It was a mean little room, furnished only with a table, two chairs, some shelves and a bed, and on this bed sat an old gray cat washing her face.

As soon as Dodd's eyes rested on this animal he uttered a cry of joy and flew to her side ; but she at once set up her back and uttered a loud *miaoui*, while her tail swelled to immense proportions.

"Oh, I don't mind, I don't mind," said Dodd. "I deserve you should be mad at me ; anything, anything, so as you're alive. She's come to life again. Glory, glory, glory!"

"Why, you don't mean to say you were talking about a cat all the while?" screamed the woman with the basket. "You said she didn't cook your meat properly, and—"

"No'm," said Dodd. "I meant to say she ate most of it up for me, and tore and chawed what she didn't eat ; but she's welcome. So that she's alive, I don't care. Oh, make up, Pussy ; your own old Dodd will never do it any more."

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## MRS. SMITH IMPROVES HER MIND.

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I TRIED to improve my mind one afternoon. I resolved I'd have opinions on all subjects; so, as washing, ironing, and baking were done for the week, and the children out for a walk with the nurse-girl, I took "Squashem on the Human Mind" from a shelf, and sat down in the corner. I chose him rather than "Snooks on Evolution" because he wasn't so thiek; but the words were very long, and I'd never heard most of them before, and he wrote as if I'd contradited him and he wouldn't put up with it; but I persevered. I read one paragraph over three times. It must have been about something, but I couldn't tell what. It seemed as if the man was doing his best to bother people; but I read the paragraph over again, and then I felt that if I read a little more I might get some notion about it, and that perhaps it meant—I don't know what. It sounded very improving. If I couldn't understand it, perhaps I could learn it off and say it when people were quoting out of other reason books. One doesn't like to seem stupid. I studied five minutes, then up came Anna Maria, the cook :

"Please'mi," she said, "there's a gentleman at the door selling soap, and I think you ought to buy some, 'cause he hasn't got no legs."

The plea was unanswerable. I bought the soap, and having recovered from the qualms excited by the spectaels of the soap merchant, took up my book again. I read a little more, and was obliged

to put cologne on my handkerchief. I felt like one going mad. Did he mean anything, or was I a fool? However, I went back to my first principles and studied by rote, rocking backward and forward, and beating my breast, as I used to do at school; but this time it was Martha who came up stairs to tell me that the coal would be out to-morrow, and the stationary tubs were leaking, and that the range wanted new bars, and she'd like to have an afternoon out if I could spare her.

I spared her. Then I went at my book again. Lights flashed before my eyes. I came to words I didn't understand, and looked for them in the dictionary, and they were not there. I wondered whether, if the man really were trying to teach people to reason, he could not make the thought plainer to them, and whether he wasn't only showing off. Sometimes I thought he might not know what he meant himself. But I studied away, and at intervals cook came to tell me it was like Martha's impudence to go out and leave her, and an agent came to get me to subscribe to a new biography of somebody, and an unknown man called who said he remembered me in my infancy, and wanted fifty cents to go to his home with, and Miss Samanthy Tuttle came to spend the afternoon, and I put the reason book away. But at breakfast time next morning I remembered what I had learnt, and I felt that I'd like to show Mr. Smith that I had as much mind as that Miss Splash he talks so much about; so I just said:

“Mr. Smith, it is not the embodiment of the aggregation that most affects the conglomerate exhumation of thought in entity so much as the carbonation of sudorific petrefaction through which the molecules of prescience fail to precipitate themselves even amidst the sporadic growth of entirety.”

I'm sure I got it right; but Mr. Smith jumped up, rushed across the room, cried out: “Augusta, my dear, do you know me?” and sent for the family doctor.

Then I had to explain. Since then I've left off trying to improve my mind—in that way. With so many interruptions as I have, books that are Chinese puzzles for the mind had better be let alone. Only, I don't think it's right to write 'em; do you?

## PAYING HER FARE.

DRIVER peeping through his little window and addressing a stout lady passenger: "Fare, ma'am."

STOUT LADY—"I've paid."

DRIVER—"You haven't."

STOUT LADY—"You tell a story. I have."

DRIVER—"You haven't."

The horses becoming restive, the driver turns his attention to them; flicks half-a-dozen boys off the platform with his whip, stops for a furious passenger who has been chasing the car for a block, and returns to the charge.

"I want your fare, ma'am."

NEW PASSENGER—"Mine? Why you ought to be ashamed of yourself! I have paid."

DRIVER—"I know *you* have. That other old lady's."

NEW PASSENGER—"Old lady—well!"

DRIVER—"The old lady with the big shawl. *You* know (looking at the stout lady) who I mean well enough. Pay your fare, ma'am."

STOUT LADY—"I tell you *I have*. This here lady saw me pay it"—pointing to a timid young person in the corner.

TIMID YOUNG PERSON—"Yes, Mr. Driver, if you please, I think I saw this lady go up to the box—if it wasn't some other lady, and I'm not mistaken."

STOUT LADY—"No, it was *me*. There now."

DRIVER—"There wasn't a cent in the box. I'd jest shook it down. I'm not going to pay your fares out of my pocket. Here, pay up."

STOUT LADY (appealing to passengers generally)—"It a'n't the vally of the money; it a'n't the worth of five cents; it's the principle. I a'n't goin' to pay twice."

CHORUS OF PASSENGERS—"No, don't you do it. It's a matter of principle."

POLITE FRENCH GENTLEMAN IN THE CORNER—"Vill madame permit me?"

STOUT LADY—"No, I won't."

French gentleman spreads his hands and shrugs his shoulders. The driver, after performing his multitudinous duties for a while, becoming entangled with a cross-car, and holding single combat with an intoxicated man who desires to enter the conveyance, appears again at his little window and says:

"Look here, ma'am, I've seen this dodge before. Pretty soon you'll be getting down. You're keeping it up to beat me out o' a ride. Now put your fare in that box, or I'll stop the car and set you off."

FRENCH GENTLEMAN (to driver)—"If I might be allow, I shall say von vord."

DRIVER—"You open your mouth if you dare. Pay up, ma'am."

STOUT LADY—"I've paid once, and all the wild animals in the menagerie couldn't tear it out of me again, nor get me off this car."

Passengers greatly affected.

SPOKESMAN—"Ah, ma'am, if all had your spirit things would be different very soon."

STOUT LADY—"It's a plan and a plot, as well I know, to take in double fares from us poor critters. I *hev* heerd that the drivers that brings in double fares gets a present."

SPOKESMAN—"To be sure ; that explains it all. I've got the clew now."

SERIOUS PASSENGER—"We'll uphold you in your righteous course, ma'am."

FRENCH GENTLEMAN—"Zere is von leetle explaynayceong."

No one takes any notice of him. Car stops. Enter driver. Old lady turns pale. Passengers double up their fists.

DRIVER—"Now pay up."

STOUT LADY—"I have."

FRENCH GENTLEMAN (starting to his feet)—"Ah, zis rendairs it to becom necessaire. Zere is von grand mistake."

DRIVER—"You'll find it one if you interfere."

FRENCH GENTLEMAN (wildly)—"But, madame! Behold! Viz your admirable goodsens you vill comprehend."

STOUT LADY—"I don't understand Dutch."

FRENCH GENTLEMAN—"But behold in ze graeeful elevacions of ze robe of madame ze five sens."

All follow the direetion of his finger. The fare under disuection is seen lying in a fold of the stout lady's overskirt."

STOUT LADY—"La! I must have dropped it there when I went to put it in the box."

DRIVER—"Passle of fools!"

PASSENGERS (to French gentleman)—"Why eouldn't you speak before giving this lady all this trouble?"

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## SCENE IN A STREET CAR.

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LATE afternoon. Car full of business men going home. Enter lady with numerous pareels bearing the stamp of prominent dry-goods establishments. Polite gentleman rises and waves his hand toward his vacated seat. Enter second lady with more shopping pareels.

FIRST LADY—"Why, Mrs. Clump, is that you? Sit right down."

MRS. CLUMP—"Oh, Mrs. Bump! To think of meeting you. You sit down."

Tumbles into old gentleman's arms.

MRS. BUMP—"I couldn't think of it. *You* take the seat."

Mrs. Clump seats herself and says:

"Thank you, Mrs. Bump."

Second gentleman rises. Mrs. Bump says:

"Oh, thank you!" treads on polite gentleman's eorns, knocks off another gentleman's hat, and seats herself.

A lady passenger rises to leave the car. Mrs. Clump exclaims:

"Thank goodness, a place for my bundles!" and deposits them on the seat. A lady on the other side rises. Mrs. Bump cries, "How lucky! a place for mine, too!" and arranges her bundles, while a gouty old gentleman glares at the pareels, and a lame young man clings to the strap and sighs.

## REBECCA'S REVENGE.

**S**AMANTHY PRICE and Rebecca Jane Judd was real close and pertickeler friends fur a considerabul length o' time, and I suppose they kinder expected they allers would be; but nobody kin foretell events with any certainty, even if you pay 'em twenty-five cents fur doin' on't, as I was fool enough to do once, and heerd I was to hev two husbands and ride in my coach; and the first hasn't come yet, though there's no tellin' what might happen; fur there was Peggy Barker, got to be thirty without thinkin' of hevin' nobody, and then had three. But Samanthy and Rebecca was what I was a-talkin' of. They was real friends until Peleg Worthington came along and kinder courted 'em alternate. Fur a while he ran arter Rebecca, and fur a while he ran arter Samanthy, and then he set down and kept steady company with Rebecca, and then he broke flat off and kept steady company with Samanthy.

That ended it. The two hadn't treated each other well, but, as Rebecca said, after Peleg had been her company, no friend would have encouraged him.

This time the affair was settled, and the two used to go walkin' with their arms about each other's waists, right past Rebecca's window, and she got aggravated. It was nat'r'nal she should.

She said everythin' she could lay her tongue to against Samanthy, but Samanthy could do the same by her; and then she told everybody all about Peleg, and she thought and thought what she could do to spite 'em, and she couldn't think of anything, until one night she remembered that Samanthy was awfully afraid of ghosts, and made up her mind to hide in the lane, outside the back garden; and when Peleg had gone off, pop up and scare Samanthy. Perhaps she wanted to frighten her to death. Jealousy is an awful thing, I'm told. Not that I've ever experienced anythin' of that natur'.

Anyway Rebecca wanted to frighten Samanthy as much as she could, and she took one of her ma's best sheets and made it into most an awful-looking wrap, and sewed black calico on fur eyes,

nose, and mouth, and cut a couple of holes to look through, and waited until night. At half-past nine she went out o' the house with her bundle, and hid in the bushes. But she waited quite a spell, and when they did come out they aggravated her more by walkin' up and down kissin'.'

She'd got on her fixin's by this time, and she was most an awful object, and she was gettin' pretty stiff squattin' there in the damp. When Peleg did go away at last she was rather anxious to get through hauntin' Samanthy; and she popped up all of a sudden and tumbled down again. However, Samanthy hadn't seen her. She stood still, lookin' sentimental arter Peleg; and Rebecca, hevin' got her feet out of tangle, stalked round awful solemn, and stood starin' at Samanthy and pintin' at her in an awful manner.

Now Samanthy was afraid of ghosts, and ef this had been quite unexpected she'd hev flopped down on the ground half dead, and mebbe really expired on't; but jest a minute before, she'd looked around and she'd seen Rebecca scramblin' up. She knew Rebecca's stockin's and shoes as well as she did her own; so she guessed in a minute what it meant, and 'stead o' faintin' or havin' a fit she called out:

"Peleg Worthington! Peleg Worthington! Here's somebody up to mischief." And back flew Peleg.

Now Rebecca was scared 'stead of Samanthy. Off she started across a field, and after her came Peleg. He thought it was some boy, and Samanthy stood laughin' to see the ghost pick up its skirts and run.

Rebecca was a good runner, and she hoped to get out of sight long enough to hide somewhere; but she'd forgot where she was, and all of a sudden somethin' happend, she didn't know what at first. Down she went into what seemed to her the bowels of the airth. 'Twasn't, though. She'd forgot that there was a tanyard not far off, and that one of the vats was here. That was what she fell into, and she'd e'en a'most rather hev stayed there than to hev Peleg fetch a ladder and fish her out, as he did. He was very polite. Said ef he'd knowed 'twas only a little bit of fun he wouldn't hev run so hard, and hadn't no idee 'twas a lady. But

Samanthy took the ghost dress off and kept it. She wiped poor Rebecca dry, and lent her an old gown to go home in. But she kept that ghost rig, and hung it out on the lines "to dry," she said, fur several days. It was awfully stained, but there was one white place left, and on that was marked "R. J. Judd," as plain as print. Rebecca had left the marked corner of the sheet in.

As for poor Rebecca, she was awfully stained, a kinder red-brown color in spots, and she didn't come to her right complexion fur three weeks, so they said; anyway she didn't show herself fur that time. Seems to me she met with a kind of a jedgment; though you couldn't blame her fur gettin' riled, could you? And now, Mrs. Brown, will you hev your little boy's pants long or knicker-bockers?

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## HER FIRST STEAM-ENGINE.

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I WAS a-walking along, comfortable and quiet, with a jar of jelly for poor sick Mrs. Spruce, and I was feeling real good, too, for the hay was in and butter had sold well; and I'd picked a big bunch of pennyroyal, and was wondering whether the long iron rods I saw were the railroad the men-folks talked so much about—for I hadn't been over that way since they fixed it—when, all of a sudden I heard a shriek, and then another, and I looked up, and there I saw skirring along full split toward me the most *awful thing!* It was as big as ten elephants, and had a great pair of fiery eyes, and a long tongue, and it was as black as ink. And while I was a wondering what it could be, it snorted fire at me, and shrieked again.

And then I felt to know 'twas Satan come after me for my sins. And I shrieked, too, and I went down on my knees and prayed to be spared—spared for improvement! And something grabbed me. And I said, "Don't take me! don't take me!" for I thought it was *him*. But when I looked up, it was only a smoky looking kind of man, with a flag in his hand, and he held me tight and

pushed me over the irons, and said he: "Old lady, you came about as nigh being run over as you ever will, and miss it!"

And said I, "I'm spared?"

"Thanks to me, yes," said he. "Don't you ever walk along a track again when a train of cars is coming."

Then I began to know. "Was that a steam-engine?" I asked. And he laughed so that I didn't tell him I thought it was Satan. But I told my husband when I got home; and I've always reckoned the Evil One must look more like that than anything else ever since.

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## CORIANNA'S WEDDING.

WHEN Jabez Chow came courtin' Corianna Dowly, Granther Peeks was jest as mad as hops. You see, Corianna she had kep' house fur granther quite a spell, and he didn't want to spare her, she made such nice griddle-cakes. He was very fond of griddle-cakes. He hadn't teeth to eat nothin' hard, and she made 'em fur him fur breakfast, dinner, and supper. So, when Jabez purposed and Corianna accepted him, granther said "No," and said he'd cuss her ef she disobeyed him.

Now, Corianna could have done what she was a minter fur all Granther Peeks; fur she was risen thirty. But she was a pious gal, and she felt as ef her granther's cuss would sort o' blight her; so she told Jabez she couldn't marry him nohow until granther either died or give in, only she wasn't able to help herself from meetin' him after granther had gone to bed—jest where the punkin patch j'ined onter the blueberry medder, and the old popler grew. Well, some mean sneak went and told granther about it, and he follererd her one night, and found 'em kissin'; and when he seen that, he jest up and cussed her and drove her home with his stick. Corianna was sobbin' as ef her heart would break.

"You cussed me, granther," she kep' a-sayin'; "and now it don't make no matter what I do. Seein' I'm cussed, I'll jest marry Jabez any way."

Well, Granther Peeks he felt he'd made a mistake, and he kinder coaxed her up, and said he'd take the cuss back. But when she waked up next day, meanin' to run away and marry Jabez, she found granther had been before her. He'd nailed, and locked, and barred the whole house up as ef it was a prison, and lef' jest a little hole in the kitchen shutter fur her to see to cook by. The front door he kept the key of in his pocket.

"I guess we won't have any more meetin's by moonlight, my dear," says he, sardonic as ever could be. "When stores is needed I'll go out, and you've got a pump in the kitchcn."

"You don't mean to lock me up this way fur good, granther?" says Corianna. "I shall die of want of air. So will you."

"I guess *I* kin stand it," says granther. "When you want fresh air you kin stick your head out of that there appyehure in the shutter; and to-day I want pancakes with rawsberry jam into 'em and lots of coffee. I worked real hard last night puttin' up them fastenin's and I want stren'thenin'. She jest *looked* at him when he said that; she didn't durst trust herself to *say* nothin'.

"Don't goggle at me, Corianna. It's worse than sassin'."

So while she was a-fryin' the cakes, she kep' sayin' over and over to herself, "Now I lay me," and "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," to keep back her wickedness. She'd slaved fur that old man and she'd been fond of him, and this is what had come of it. She told us all this through the hole in the shutter. We got kinder seared, you know, seemin' the house shet up, and went to call, but didn't get let in; but arter awhile, when we'd knocked and knocked a spell to the front door and the side door, we went round to the baek, and there was poor Corianna's face a-stickin' out of the hole in the shutter. The tears rolled down her cheeks as she told the story, and we had to cry too. Maria Brown, she was jest proposin' breakin' down the door and carryin' poor Corianna off, when a upstairs shutter opened and Granther Peeks poked his head out.

"See here, folkses," said he, "a man has a right to keep his house shet or open as he pleases, and to order his wimmin folks as he sees fittin'. You tech bolt, or bar, or lock, or hook, on my premises,

and I'll shoot you down fust and have you took up fur burglars afterward, and I'd hev the law on my side, tu." Then he showed us a big hoss pistol, and says he, "It's loaded," and we scattered. But I wrote on a piece of paper, "I'll tell Jabez," and gave it up to Corianna, pretendin' to kiss her good-bye. And never was I so thankful that I ollers earried a pencil for new recipes. I kep' my promise, and that night Jabez pranceed about the house, but couldn't get a peep at her. No more he couldn't fur a couple of days. But at last he thought of tootin' through a fish horn. If there was anythin' Granther Peeks liked, it was fish. So he says to Corianna: "Peek out, Corry, and see ef that's shad; shad's in season."

So Corry poked her head out of the hole and saw Jabez blowin' the horn, and as soon as he saw her he up and kissed her at the shutter hole.

"Keep up eourage, Corianna; this thing ean't last long."

"I sha'n't," says Corianna. "Granther says the law ean't make a man open his doors, and I don't reekon it ean; and nobody has a right to demand my freedom, as fur as I know."

"Your husband would."

"I ain't got none."

"Have one."

"How be I to go to my weddin'?"

"Let your weddin' eome to you."

"Corry, how's the fish?" says granther from inside.

"It isn't shad," says Corry, "and I guess it's stale."

"Oh," says granther, "don't buy ironie ef it's stale!"

"I sha'n't," says Corry; "I'll look keerful."

Out o' the winder she stieks her head again.

"When your granther is at tea, Corianna," says Jabez, "you come to the hole. Things will be fixed all right after that. Keep up your sperits."

"How's the fish?" asks granther.

"Awful!" says Corianna, givin' Jabez a kiss and drawin' her head in.

She felt lots happier, fur she had confidence in Jabez, though

she didn't know how he was goin' to fix it. That evenin' she came down to tea all dressed up, and she made Granther Peeks a lovely lot of cakes and an omelet, and he sat down to table with a erash towel under his chin, and began to eat as ef he hadn't had anythin' fur a fortnight; and as soon as he did so Corianna began to fan herself with a big palm-leaf fan that ollers stood behind the lamp, and says she:

“Oh, fur a breath of air. I've got to have a breath of air or choke !”

“ You kin git it at the hole in the winder, then,” says Granther Peeks. “ You know my reggylations.”

Then Corianna she flew to the hole and she poked her head out, and there she saw a sight ! Close against the house stood Jabez Chow, with white gloves and a white tie onto him; and behind him was his brother, Plummer Chow, ditto; and t'other side was Sally Post, all rigged up in white, with a bouquet, for bride-maid; and between them was Dominie Chalmers, that had baptized her; and next him was Dominie Brown, and all over the garden was scattered the fust residents of the village, and all the little boys and gals was perched on the fences; and the man with melons had stopped his cart to see the spectacle, and there was Squire Peeler, Justice of the Peace, perched on top of the wood-shed—“ A-waitin' my turn fur to act in this here case, ladies and gentlemen,” he says, in them there commandin' tones of his'n.

Well, when Corianna saw all this she turned fust red and then white. We ladies kissed our hands to her, and the jedge atop the wood-shed he h'isted his hat. The rest of the men took off theirs, and the dominie he lifted up his hand, and commenceed to talk jest as ef he was in meetin'. When he came to askin' whether thcre was any one present that could give a reason why that there ceremony shouldn't perceed, he waited quite a spell; but nobody answered but the jedge, who remarked: “Go ahead, dominie !” Then the dominie went ahead, and all went on quite reg'lar, excep' when Corianna disappeared quite sudden because Granther Peeks bellered fur more honey, and once when she had to fry him another cake to top off with.

However, the dominie got her married all safe, ring on and all, and writ out a certificate, and the witnesses signed it, and Jabez kissed her, and so did the bride-maid; and then the squire came down off the wood-shed and went round to the front door, and battered onto the panels and rung the bell until Granther Peeks stuck his head out of the winder, and says he:

“How de do, jedge?”

“Fair to middlin’,” says the jedge. “Why don’t you open your door, Mr. Peeks?”

“I ain’t openin’ no doors jest now.”

“Guess you’ve got to,” says the jedge. “There’s a man says you’ve got his wife shet up there.”

“I ain’t! There ain’t nobody here but Corianna; she’s a spinster and my gran’darter.”

“Mr. Chow, you jest step here,” says the jedge.

So Jabez comes around the house.

“Demand your wife.”

“Well, I’m here, Mr. Peeks, for that purpose. You’ve got my wife, Mrs. Jabez Chow, in there, and I want her,” says Jabez.

“Your *wife*?” says granther, grinnin’.

“Yes, sir,” says the dominie; “I’ve jest married ‘em.”

“I assisted,” says Dominie Brown.

“Will the witnesses come forward?” says the jedge.

Then we all trooped around the house.

“You see, granther,” says Jabez, “Cupid don’t need doors to get in at of there’s ever so little a hole in a shutter.”

Jest then Corianna went up to granther and showed him her ring and her certificate, and that settled it.

In a minute more he opened the door and we walked in. He was cryin’.

“O Jabez, Jabez!” says he, “how could you? Nobody else kin make pancakes that I kin digest only Corianna. Now I shall starve to death!”

“No, you sha’n’t!” says Jabez. “Can’t you board with us? and she kin fry ‘em all day, if you want her to and she’s so disposed.”

"Of course I will," says Corianna.

Then Granther Peeks got out his red pocket-handkercher and wiped his eyes.

"Ef you'd explained that there to me before, Jabez," says he, "I wouldn't hev madé no objections; but doin' without Corianna's pancakes was a matter of life and death to me, my son."

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## NETTIE BUDD BEFORE HER SECOND BALL.

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WELL, here I am, all ready for my second ball. If I see you correctly in my glass, pale blue becomes you, Nettie Budd, and you look very well, though not at all like that picture of "Beauty Before Her First Ball" in the Academy of Design. The idea of calling her "Beauty," with her poky chin and hard black eyes! Her *first* ball? Pshaw! she'd been to twenty, and nobody would look at herself over her shoulder like that, except for effect. Silly French thing! I'm very much nicer looking.

I'm nearly eighteen, but this is only my second ball. Mamma generally says, "Her dear grandpa does not like balls," when I'm asked to one. Why should he? He's seventy-five, and has rheumatism. I wonder whether it is the expense or the effect of that other ball of mine, which certainly was not encouraging.

Dear me, how well I remember all I felt before that affair. I had read about a great many "first appearances" at balls, and supposed I should be treated like a young princess; but I wasn't. When I went in nobody took any notice of me but a fat girl, who said to her partner: "If I had such thin arms I'd cover 'em up, if it was only with lace sleeves."

There was a seat beside old Mrs. Thomas, and Aunt Peterkin told me I'd better sit down, because I should be tired dancing, I was so unused to it. I sat down. Aunt Peterkin herself danced with a big man with whiskers, and old Mrs. Thomas went to sleep and snored. I "rested" until I thought I should go wild! Then Dr. Dosem, our family physician, saw me, and said:

"Come, my dear; let me be your partner. I *think* this is a polka, and—"

As if anybody danced polkas! But I danced with him. We went round somehow. My feet never touched the floor; and at last we tumbled up into a corner, and he, all out of breath with carrying me about, said:

"I'll get you a younger partner for the next dance. I'm a little out of practice, I think."

Mrs. Mink, a lively, young married lady we know, was close by, and she told Mr. Mink to dance with me. He looked as solemn as if he had been ordered to instant execution, and said, "I shall be delighted," with a face like an iron mask and the sternest countenance. We danced the lancers. He never spoke a word to me, and at the end he took me back to Mrs. Mink in utter silence. Still it was a dance. Then Mrs. Mink, who certainly tried to do her best for me, introduced me to a young collegian, and he bowed and smiled, and said he didn't dance, but if I would promenade a little he should be proud to offer me his arm. So we promenaded, and the dancers trod on our toes, and the master of ceremonies—I suppose that was what he was—asked us to go somewhere else; so he took me to the refreshment-room for lemonade; and when he was trying to get some for me, I heard Dr. Dosem coaxing a great long, conceited puppy to dance with me, not knowing I was within hearing.

"Nice little thing," the doctor said, "just out of school. Now *do* give her a dance; you're a swell, you know; fine dancer, and all that. It will set her up."

"Pretty?" asked my dandy.

"Not yet; she'll be a fine woman, though," replied my doctor.

"I hate bread and butter when it's not pretty," remarked my dandy; "but I'll dance with her out of pity, to oblige you."

Afterward, when Aunt Peterkin had found me, and scolded me for leaving old Mrs. Thomas—"my chaperone," she called her—the doctor brought up his dandy and told me that he "begged the pleasure of the next waltz."

Who that had any respect for herself could have been danced with "out of pity?"

I said, "Thank you, but I don't want to dance with that gentleman. I don't like his looks."

At this, my dandy grew crimson. My doctor roared. My aunt stared at me as if she were going to turn into a pillar of salt, or something. And even when I explained in private, she said that I could not dance again, for a lady who had refused one man at a ball could not dance with another. It wasn't etiquette. Well, nobody asked me, or I'd have seen whether I could or not. And after a while I told my aunt I was tired of watching her flirt, and that I should think a widow would be ashamed to go on like that; and then I went and sat in the dressing-room until three o'clock. I didn't have any supper. Aunt said she didn't know until too late.

Well, it wasn't in the least like the first ball of a princess, was it? This is my second. I know how to manage better now. Besides, that silly young Jack Hacker will get all the dances he can, and be miserable when I waltz with any one else, so I think I shall be happy and enjoy myself this time.

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## AUNTY DOLEFUL'S VISIT.

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HOW do you do, Cornelia? I heard you were sick, and I stepped in to cheer you up a little. My friends often say, "It's such a comfort to see you, Aunty Doleful. You have such a flow of conversation, and are so lively." Besides, I said to myself, as I came up the stairs, "Perhaps it's the last time I'll ever see Cornelia Jane alive."

You don't mean to die yet, eh? Well, now, how do you know? You can't tell. You think you are getting better; but there was poor Mrs. Jones sitting up, and every one saying how smart she was, and all of a sudden she was taken with spasms in the heart, and went off like a flash. But you must be careful, and not get anxious or excited. Keep quite calm, and don't fret about anything. Of course, things can't go on just as if you were downstairs; and I wondered whether you knew your little Billy was

sailing about in a tub on the mill-pond, and that your little Sammy was letting your little Jimmy down from the veranda roof in a clothes-basket.

Gracious goodness! what's the matter? I guess Providence 'll take care of 'em. Don't look so. You thought Bridget was watching them? Well, no, she isn't. I saw her talking to a man at the gate. He looked to me like a burglar. No doubt she let him take the impression of the door-key in wax, and then he'll get in and murder you all. There was a family at Kobble Hill all killed last week for fifty dollars. Now, don't fidget so; it's bad for the baby.

Poor little dear! How singular it is, to be sure, that you can't tell whether a child is blind, or deaf and dumb, or a cripple at that age. It might be *all*, and you'd never know it.

Most of them that have their senses make bad use of them though; *that* ought to be your comfort, if it does turn out to have anything dreadful the matter with it. And more don't live a year. I saw a baby's funeral down the street as I came along.

How is Mr. Kobble? Well, but finds it warm in town, eh? Well, I should think he would. They are dropping down by hundreds there with sun-stroke. You must prepare your mind to have him brought home any day. Anyhow, a trip on these railroad trains is just risking your life every time you take one. Back and forth every day as he is, it's just trifling with danger.

Dear! dear! now to think what dreadful things hang over us all the time! Dear! dear!

Scarlet-fever has broken out in the village, Cornelia. Little Isaae Potter has it, and I saw your Jimmy playing with him last Saturday.

Well, I must be going now. I've got another sick friend, and I sha'n't think my duty done unless I cheer her up a little before I sleep. Good-by. How pale you look, Cornelia. I don't believe you have a good doctor. Do send him away and try some one else. You don't look as well as you did when I came in. But if anything happens, send for me at once. If I can't do anything else, I can cheer you up a little. The Lord be with you, for you'll soon be with the Lord.

## THOUGHTS AT A PARTY.

THE similarity of man is very perplexing. I don't allude to the wonderful likeness, anatomically prepared, of man to his brother monkey. I am thinking of the full-dress gentleman and the full-dress waiter. If some one doesn't put a chalk mark on the back of that handsome waiter, whose principal duty seems to be to wave his glove at the other waiters, I *know* Miss Gushington will seize him by the arm, under the impression that he is a person of distinction to whom she has been introduced, and drag him away to dance with her. I should like to warn her, only it would be such fun to see her do it.

The *real* person of distinction, My Lord Fitz Foodle, from over the sea, is standing in the corner there. He has been stricken dumb by poor Mr. Spitz, who always makes such dreadful mistakes, and who, as the nobleman entered the room looking about him for his hostess, cried out to him: "I say, here, waiter, two ices."

Five minutes afterward, Mr. Spitz, who is slow, said, "Beg pardon, I'm sure," to one of the waiters, who did not at all know what he meant, and said, "Yes, sir—certainly, sir."

Now, my lord is glaring indignantly in a corner, with stout Miss Sphynx standing on his toes, and his hostess is looking for him. She has just bowed to the tall waiter, and thinks she has found Fitz Foodle. What will happen now? Oh, nothing. The waiter retires gracefully, gripping lemonade cups in his gloved hands.

Talking of bowing! Poor Mr. Bobolink, how mortified he is! He has bowed most gracefully to a bust of Pallas upon a pedestal. If near-sighted people only *would* wear glasses! "Do you suppose she means to cut me?" he asks his friend, in a mortified tone of voice. "That fair girl in white? It's Miss Blanch Blane; I should know her by her complexion in any company!"

Horror of horrors! There is Miss Bliss, the poetess, who scorns fine dress. Good Miss Pleasem undertook to advise her to sacrifice to the graces a little, for so grand an occasion. The result is terrific: an orange-colored window-curtain—I *think* it is a window-

curtain—over green grenadine, and a scarlet sash. Has she dropped her hair down her back on purpose, or lost her comb by accident? No one will ever know.

The lancers! Mr. Spitz is coming to ask me to dance. If only it were genteel to call the figures! but it is not. All the men in that set are learned, scientific, or literary persons. When the hostess has asked them to dance, they have said "Certainly," and now they will stand at their respective posts, each talking of his hobby, until despairing partners whisper, "*Our* turn, please." Then they will amble about a little, be dragged back, hit their heads together, tear the ladies' dresses, apologize, turn the wrong lady, bow to everybody indiscriminately, and become the laughing-stock of the young non-dancing men, who know every step and figure perfectly, and are too lazy to do them. A literary and scientific set of the lancers is glorious. Here I go. Mr. Spitz always falls down with his partner, too.

Mr. Spitz wants to know whether the tall, splendid gentleman in side-whiskers is the celebrated Professor Smasher who discovered something, or did something wonderful. I say "No," with certainty. The person with the dusty coat, who skulked in just now as if he came after the spoons, and sits on a low chair behind the *étagère*, may be he; but not this glorious combination of side-whisker, white glove, and hot-house button-hole bouquet.

Now, *why* does old Mr. Scroggins say to middle-aged Miss Ropes, "Our dancing days are over, and it pleases us best to look on now?" Does he suppose that *that* is the way to make himself agreeable at an evening party? And, yes—the mistake has happened just as I expected. Miss Gushington is telling that handsome waiter that she "hasn't met him since the Charity Ball," and he says, "No, ma'am; certainly not, ma'am;" just as—"Dear me, Mr. Spitz, I hope you are not hurt?"

"Oh, no; not at all."

## SIMON SOLITARY'S IDEAL WIFE.

I HAVE had ladies say to me, "Mr. Solitary, you really are looking for perfection, and it is hard to find."

Now, that is not so. I do not expect women to be perfect; men are not. But, naturally, I have my ideal, and it is very strange that I have not yet found the few little qualities I require combined in the person of one charming lady. I'll mention my ideas, and I am sure you will not find them at all unreasonable; and if you know any one such as I describe, you might drop me a line; I'll never mention it. I'd like to marry and settle down, for I've really been quite wild in my day; and at fifty odd—but no matter.

I should like the lady to be very pretty, very young, extremely sensible, and with all the accomplishments. But as to dancing, I could not allow her to dance. I don't dance myself. She should be a brilliant woman; and when I express an opinion, she should at once agree to it. My word should be law to her. At the same time, she should be very independent, and not give me any trouble waiting on her, unless I felt just like it.

She should be a splendid cook, and get my dinners herself; but she should always appear at table perfectly dressed, and not with a flushed face and a blowzy air; I hate that. She should make my friends her own, and entertain all my relations; but she shouldn't want to have her own relatives bothering about. Oh, dear, no! She should live for me.

She should have a perfect temper; and if I said anything hasty, as a man has a right to do in his own house, she should not answer back and get huffy. She should wait until I get over my pet before she speaks.

I should have all the liberal ideas, and she should never check them; but, as women ought to be pious, I should desire her to be deeply so. However, she must not go gadding to church and evening meetings constantly, or make a tremendous fuss if I should occasionally say a swear word. She should know her place too well. She should be queen-like to others, and humble to me—sit

at my feet and listen to my words of wisdom. She should never glance at another man. As for flirting, if she did *that*, I'd get a divorce. No young cousins with mustaches, or "old friends of pa's," or any of that nonsense for *my* wife. But as for my young female relations and connections, our home should be their home, and she shouldn't listen about to see if I said a polite word to one of them.

It might be best for her to have a little money of her own—enough for her dress, and to buy her own tickets if she wanted to gad about and hear things. And I should expect her to be economical, for I sha'n't leave her anything if I die first. I have fixed my money in the form of an annuity, and the personal property would only be hers if she took her Bible oath never to marry again.

Really, it seems singular to me that I haven't found a girl to suit me yet! The fair sex must be deteriorating. However, now that people know I'm looking for a wife, and understand what advantages I offer, no doubt parents will be anxious to introduce me to their daughters. I am not "made up" at all like some men of my age. *I don't dye my hair—I haven't any.*

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## THE DUTIFULS.

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IT was raining hard. Here was a pretty day for our picnic, that picnic to Blooming Grove, which the Dutifuls were to have taken, if all had been propitious: The picnic that I wanted to go to so very, very much, that I had dreamt of it for four weeks; that I had prepared for to an extent that, considering my income, was extravagant. Not that I cared so much for the trip in itself, but because at this Dutiful picnic—

Wait! You do not know who the Dutifuls were.

We were ten young men and ten young women, who had formed a society, the motto of which was "Duty before Pleasure."

We were a charitable society, and were to do good to the poor. Whenever any poor people needed us, we were vowed to attend them, no matter what pleasant thing we were engaged in.

The gentlemen, of course, were exempt during business hours, for business was duty, but the command of a parent was the only excuse for the young ladies.

We tried many names, but finally settled down on "The Dutifuls." We put on badges, and took a vow, and wrote our names in a little book, and were to meet and report once a week. None of our poor were to want for food, clothing, Bible-reading, or medicine if we could help it. If we had not what they needed we were to beg. If they sent for us we were to go to them, and listen to all their complaints, and the poorer, uglier, and more uninteresting they were, the oftener we were to visit them.

We begged a little upper room, and we stored jam and jelly, canned soups and blankets, red flannel and hymn-books as we could get them; and we had quite a little list of poor.

A good many of them were far from agreeable; but the most disagreeable of all was the Widow Damper. Older and more experienced people would never have borne with the Widow Damper, who required of us the most remarkable attentions; but we were all young and enthusiastic, the oldest not twenty-three, and we put up with the Widow Damper.

Now you have some notion of what the Dutifuls were; but you don't know why I wanted so very much to go on the picnic.

Edward and I had been engaged to be married when the Dutifuls formed themselves into a society, and we loved each other dearly, but something had happened soon after that had made us quarrel. I didn't mean it; he didn't mean it; but a word—and a look—a little neglect on one side—a little resentment on the other—and the deed was done. I gave him back his ring—he gave me back the locket with my hair in it, and life grew blander and darker than I could have thought it would.

We had not met since that dreadful day when we stood in the parlor, and I said:

"Mr. Devere, after such words, of course there can be nothing more between us."

And he answered:

"As you please, Miss Ronan," just as though we had never called

each other Edward and Rose in all our lives. He did his duty in the society, but he did not come to the meetings, but paid his fine instead.

And now that some months had passed, I wanted to see him again. Not that I should have spoken had we met. I was too proud for *that*, I hope.

To this picnic he must come. They had put him upon the managing committee, and across his notice was written the word Duty.

Whoever got such a notice must be on hand. And I knew Ned; he would be there. I had bought a new dress of his favorite color—a pale dove tint—and I had had it made like the dress he had liked best in those old, happy times, and I had the daintiest shoes and gloves, and a hat from Paris. I had coaxed papa for that. Oh! it was not vanity; but if he saw me, I wanted him to see me at my best. But here was the day, and the rain beat down.

No, the Dutifuls would not picnic that day. I should not meet Edward. Perhaps I should never meet him again.

"I suppose," said mamma at the door, "I suppose, my dear, that there will be no picnic to-day?"

"Of course not," said I.

"What a pity it should rain to-day," said mamma. "And of course in such a storm I can tell the Widow Damper's messenger that you can't come. I know that 'Duty before Pleasure' is the motto of your society, but I cannot think it any one's duty to give herself a cold."

"Oh, I don't care for duty this morning," said I. "You can send the Widow Damper word that I'm sicker than she is."

"I did send the messenger away," said mamma. "I'm glad you approve. I was afraid you wouldn't."

Then I went down to breakfast, nibbled some toast, and at last cried out:

"I will go to the Widow Damper's. I've no business to break my vow; and since I can't have any pleasure, I'll be as miserably dutiful as possible."

Then rushing to my room I donned my waterproof, my overshoes,

and a dingy, old brown hat, seized upon an umbrella, and hurried away.

Mrs. Damper lived in a very dirty court which turned out of a very dirty street, and at the very top of a very dirty house, of which hers was the very dirtiest room.

I knocked at the door, and being answered by a doleful "K'min," which I knew well, lifted the latch and entered.

There sat the Widow Damper in her rocking-chair—a gift from the Dutifuls—wrapped in a dressing-gown donated by the same party; the sleeves of this robe were tucked up with pins, and on his knees, at her feet, knelt a young gentleman with his coat off, polishing away at her arm with a vigor which had already made his face redder than her robe; but that face, flushed though it was, I recognized. It was Ned Devere. My Ned. Oh, no, not my Ned any more. I retreated. It was evidently my duty to go, but I must look once—just once—and—oh!—oh!—oh!

"Don't go," piped the Widow Damper. "You jest stay, Miss Ronan. This here ain't only Mr. Devere. I was took with rheumatics that bad that I sent a neighbor's child, which I know you'll give five cents to, Miss, for going; or else she's that mean, she won't never fetch you again. I'll take keer on't, thankee. I sent her for *one o' them Dutifuls*, I didn't care which, to rub my elbers, and Mr. Devere, he came. She said you wouldn't, but I see she lied; and I'm out o' tea and sugar, and I'd like some flanning, and ef there *was* a little more of that old port, it's jest the thing for me; likewise jelly is soothing."

"I'll go and send some, Mrs. Damper," said I.

"Not yet, Miss," said Mrs. Damper. "I've got two elbers, and both aches. Now Mr. Devere here has ben flying around from one to t'other, but you jest ketch hold, and you can go on stiddy, both of you."

Duty before pleasure. I remembered my vow. I tossed off my hat and cloak, and set to work. I did not look at Ned, but he saw me, of course. All red and blowzy from my run through wind and rain, and with my worst dress on, and not so much as a neck-ribbon: I thought of this as I polished the Widow Damper's knobby elbow

with all my might and main. We rubbed in unison, he and I, pausing now and then for breath. Dutifuls could refuse the poor under their charge nothing.

Suddenly the Widow Damper broke out:

“Ain’t none o’ them Dutifuls ever going to make a match of it?” she spoke to me.

I must answer. Dutifuls were to be very patient with their patients.

“No, I think not,” I said.

“I thought that was the objeck,” said the ungrateful old woman.

We stopped polishing for a moment. Then:

“To do our duty is the object,” said I.

“But young gals and young men will be young gals and young men,” said Widow Damper. “Lor, tell me. I don’t get no news. Who is engaged to who?”

“Two of them *were* engaged once, Mrs. Damper,” said Ned, polishing away, “but she was outrageously unreasonable, and so it’s over.”

“No, he was absurdly jealous, and so it’s over,” said I.

“She never cared for him, you see, Mrs. Damper,” said Ned.

“No; she discovered that he never cared for her, Mrs. Damper.”

“Mighty sakes!” cried the widow, “rub higher up, will you?”

We rubbed higher up, and furiously.

“Not care!” said he. “Ah! little she knew.”

“And—little—he—knew!” I sobbed.

“You’re a skinning of me, you two Dutifuls,” yelled Mrs. Damper, wrathfully.

We paused and released the elbows we had vented our emotions on. He looked at me. I looked at him. How thin he was. How pale. Did he really care?

“Ned,” said I, softly.

“Rose,” said he.

## MRS. PICKLES WANTS TO BE A MAN.

NO, it's not because he has the suffrage that I should like to be a man; nor because of the advantages of his costume, though it *is* enviable when one is trying to catch a train, or climbing elevated-railroad steps. It's what I call the *impromptu-ness* of man's life that makes *me* envy him.

There's Pickles, now. He comes home to dinner, smokes his cigar (taking his time about it), and then says: "Well, I think I'll go somewhere." And all he has to do is to put his hat on the back of his head and go.

Of course, I could go somewhere, too; but I have to think of it the day before, and ask Pickles to buy tickets. And I must see to my dress and my gloves, and ask Aunt Jemima, as a favor, to come over and sit with the children. And after all that thought and preparation and dressing, perhaps I'd rather stay at home on that particular evening. Just when the thought strikes one that it would be pleasant to go somewhere is the time to go, and not the next day, nor the day after. Pickles can do that, and it's one of his masculine advantages.

Then, if Pickles feels fidgety or restless, even if it is twelve o'clock at night, he can go prowling about; he can march up and down the sidewalk, with his hands in his pockets, or sit on the horse-block and whistle Yankee Doodle, or go down to the wharf and swing his feet over the water. Fancy *me* doing that sort of thing! Gracious goodness! Yet I could often quiet my nerves and have a good night's rest, if I might seek relief in some such simple way. I can't go to the druggist's after dark, for a paper of catnip for the baby without being asked, "Where I'm going all alone?" by some boy with a tall hat on his head and a cigar in his mouth, or some old man who ought to be at home reading the Bible to his grandchildren.

If I take a walk in the daytime without some such solemn motive as a dry-goods store at the end of it, any one who sees me turn short around and retrace my steps regards me with suspicion.

I'm a sort of boy by nature, I believe. I'd like to look into shop-windows and see what crowds are about; poke into auction-rooms and talk to any peculiar-looking person I meet; stare at the people hoisting blocks of marble and gigantic safes to the tops of houses, or the man going up the telegraph pole.

I'd like, in fact, to do what I choose without remark; but I'm a woman, and it's my province to look as though I had swallowed the furnace poker, and say "Prunes and prisms," before I open the front door, to keep my mouth straight during the promenade.

Then, too, there's sitting up for people, which is one of woman's chief duties after she is married. If Pickles was sitting up for *me*, and I didn't come, he would go after me. I can't go after him. I may walk the floor, and wonder whether the cars have collided, or the public building burnt down, or whether Pickles has been attacked by garroters; but I mustn't go and see.

I may hear howls and groans at the corner, and I daren't go out and make sure that nobody is demolishing Pickles. I can only listen at the keyhole, or peek through upstairs shutters, and get into a fever. I often tell Pickles that if he were suddenly transformed into a woman, he'd know all about it, and that it would be very like being put into jail or an insane asylum.

Then Pickles tells me I ought to be satisfied with woman's sphere, and thinks I want to vote; but I don't. Pickles misunderstands me.

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## FASHIONABLE HOSPITALITY.

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YES, my child, we'll send out a great many invitations. These five-o'clock teas are just the thing for nobodies that we don't ask to our large parties. We can scatter them in amongst the others, and there's no need of introducing them, or paying them much attention. In such a crowd they can't expect it, you know.

Be very sure you don't neglect Mrs. Fauxpas, Kitty. They have two footmen behind their carriage now, and your pa says his income is *tre-mendous*. Oh, yes, I know what your Aunt Barbara

says about Mrs. Fauxpas, and it's true; but you ought to be more of a Christian than to bring up such stories about people that are spending fifty thousand a year, at the least, and who are visited by everybody. You've directed a card to her, eh?

What? Ask Fanny Trix? No, of course not. Didn't somebody find out that her husband had a first wife living, and she's come back to stay with her parents, and teaches music for her bread and butter! Really, I think you show very little respect for me, to wish to invite people who have lost their character. Throw that card into the waste-basket. Oh, yes, I suppose we must invite Cousin Pink and his wife. I wish I had strength of mind enough to drop such people out and out. Oh, yes, I know Cousin Pink is good-natured, and that his wife used to have you all to tea and take you to the shows before your pa made his fortune; but you needn't go bellowing that fact for the servants to hear. Do try to get Amanda Pink into some corner where no one will see her.

All the B's, of course, and all the C's—lovely people. Have their names in the fashionable noticees all winter. The G's, too, as it is five-o'clock tea, and your pa finds them useful.

Oh, we mustn't forget Mr. Gypsum. Have a great arm-chair saved for him: he's had the gout. Kitty, *what* a match he would be for you! Well, I know they say he's an old sinner; but have you seen that lovely double house of his on the avenue? And he'd leave you a million when he died. Tipsy every night? Now, I only call it exhilarated in a fine old gentleman like that.

You'll try to save a chair for old Dr. Praygood, eh, because he's had rheumatism? I'm sure it can't be so important that *he* should stay long that you need to make him so very comfortable. With his talk of having married your parents, and buried your grandparents, and baptized you—I suppose he thinks he'll marry you, too. There he's very much mistaken. I mean to have you married in a splendid church, with as many officiating clergymen as I can get, and the most stylish bridesmaids and reporters on hand to put your dress and presents, and the names of the fashionable and distinguished people present, in next day's papers. Dr. Praygood, indeed, in his poky old box! And I suppose Mrs. Praygood must

come too. Grandma loved her so, eh? Well, your poor grandmas always did seem to love nobodies most. Oh, we must have the Rev. Simper Softly; he's *so* sweet. Everybody asks him, and a nice clergyman is always so nice to have. No, he *did not* poison the uncle from whom he gets all his money. That was calumny. Not one of his congregation believed it, and they all feel very sure that he bought the arsenic for rats. He said so.

And now see here, Kitty: you needn't worry if Napoleon does forget to wait on old Mr. Praygood, and your Mrs. Pink, and Aunt Barbara, and the rest of that sort. He's an invaluable waiter—knows every one—will be sure to take care of all the distinguished people, and no matter about the rest. Pretend not to notice. If they never come again, so much the better.

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## MY SWEETHEART'S BABY BROTHER.

I FELL in love with Arabella Appleby when I was very young.

There was a great tribe of young Applebys, and Arabella had, as eldest sister, a miraculous number of household cares in consequence. Her principal one was Bob, a youngster in short pantaloons, who was the very imp of mischief, but whom she adored, believing him, as did the rest of the family, to be a most remarkable boy. I had been courting Arabella for a year, but had never yet found a moment in which to pop the question because of this dreadful Bob.

I admit that I did curry favor with the family by praising Bob, but to tell the truth, I detested him. And now there had begun to call upon Arabella a light-haired young doctor, evidently favored by papa, and I resolved to speak or die. I knew Bob's great longing for fire-crackers. I would buy him some. I would lead him and Arabella to some sequestered nook, and amidst the cracks and explosions ask her to be mine.

With two pounds of cream candy in one pocket, and a packet of Chinese crackers in the other, I proceeded, one afternoon, to the Appleby mansion, and asked for Bob.

"Bob is in the garden," said Mrs. Appleby. "Arabella is trying to persuade him to take the kittens out of the tin pail. He's selling them for clams (with the cover on, you know), and she's afraid the poor little things will be smothered."

At this instant the air was rent with shrieks.

"She's taken 'em out, poor child," said mamma. "Perhaps I'd best go and see what I can do with him."

"I'll go," said I. "I have some candy. I think I can console him."

He was in the summer-house, beating my Arabella with both his fists, while she held in her lap a party of very young and skinny kittens, that had evidently not been rescued from the tin can a moment too soon.

"Good afternoon, Miss Arabella," said I. "Why, Bobby, what's the matter? Come here and see what I've got for you." And I produced a portion of the candy.

Bobby stopped yelling. He came toward me, and extended his paw for the candy.

"Let us take him down to the grove, Miss Arabella," said I. "A sort of change of scene for him; and I want him to say his last new piece—'Charge of the Light Brigade,' you know. It's really wonderful for so young a child."

"Oh! indeed it is, Mr. Rawdon," said Arabella. "Come, Bobby."

There we were in the grove; the trees encompassed us; the grass was green, the skies were blue, the breeze delightful. Now, if I could quiet Bob, I could "tell my tale."

"Now, Bobby," said I, "let's have the piece, and then I'll give you something nice."

"Say it, Bobby," said Arabella.

"No," said Bobby.

"Well, no matter," said I. "It isn't right to overtax his fine mind, Miss Arabella. I'll wait until he's ready. Here is the candy, Bobby, and here is something else."

"O Mr. Rawdon!" cried Arabella. "What *would* mamma say!"

"They are perfectly harmless," said I: "why not let me teach him how to use them? Poor child! he has longed for them so."

"I know it," said Arabella. "Now do be careful. Oh!—ah!"

"Hold it so, Bobby," I said, "and hold this so, and light this thread, then off it goes."

Whack! smack! crack! went the cracker.

"Hurray!" yelled Bob, in great glee. "Lem me fire 'em myse'f." Just what I wanted. Off went the crackers.

"Isn't he cunning?" cried Arabella. "Oh, I've a good mind to go and call mamma to see him!"

"She'd be nervous," said I. "Miss Arabella, I have for a long time been very anxious to—"

"Oo, tame fire off my clackers," said Bobby at this instant.

"Fire them off yourself, like a man," said I.

"I ain't a man," cried Bobby. "No such a sing," and he began to yell.

"He's sister's treasure," said Arabella. "Please, Mr. Rawdon, fire off one for him."

I fired a dozen. Then Bob's mood changed.

"Fire 'em myse'f," he remarked, and disappeared behind the bench. I began again:

"Miss Arabella, I have waited to say what I now have to say, until my heart is almost bursting. I do not dare to flatter myself that my sentiments are reciprocated; but you must have seen—"

Whack! whack! smack! crack!

Arabella started away with a scream.

That imp of darkness had pinned a pack to my coat-tails, and set them off.

"Oh, naughty, naughty Bob! Oh, how it has scorched your nice, new coat!" said Arabella. "Bob, what a naughty boy; but it was cunning, too; wasn't it?" she added.

Bob, in the greatest glee, betook himself, at my suggestion, to a tree at some distance with his candy and crackers, and I, in my scorched coat, sat down beside Arabella.

"Arabella," I began, "may I call you so? My existence—"

"Oh, oh, o-o o-o-h!" yelled Bob; "oh, oh, oh!"

"My darling!" cried Arabella. "Oh, what is it?"

"He bit me!" cried Bob.

"What bit you?" said Arabella. "Not a dog? Oh, it may have been mad, Mr. Rawdon."

"There's no dog here," I said, a little sulkily.

"A bird bit me," said Bob, and held up a paw.

Some wasp, attracted by the candy, had stung him. But Arabella had some hartshorn; the sting was touched with it, the pain alleviated. Bob was dismissed. I sat down on the rustic seat and began again:

"There are moments in a man's life, Arabella, when—"

"He's killed himself *this* time," said Arabella.

I myself thought he had. We rushed to Bob's side; he was howling, kicking, strangling, and shrieking all together. His mouth was full of red paper, and when I had pried it out with my finger, he delivered himself of this account of his mishap:

"I eat a clacker and fired off a tandy."

"He'll die," said Arabella.

"No," said I, "he did not swallow it. I've got it all out. See! Now we'll give him a drink of water and he'll be all right."

I led the way to a well, made a cup of a leaf, gave Bob a drink, and seated him, with his candy on one side and the crackers on the other, amidst the grass. Then I took Arabella's hand in mine and led her away for a few steps.

"Arabella," I said, "I am about to ask you a question to which the answer must be 'yes' or 'no.' If 'yes,' I shall be the happiest—"

There was an awful splash in the well. Bob was nowhere to be seen.

"He's down the well," screamed Arabella.

I rushed to its side; the water was agitated; but Bob's form was not visible. I caught the chain and let myself down. In a moment I was wet to the skin; but I caught something that scabbled and scratched me with a sharp claw. I knew that Bob had thrown puss in, but I had not the inhumanity to leave her. Out I came, dripping with water and gore, satisfied that it was easier to go down into a well than to get out. Arabella stood with a serious countenance and tried to help me out, and nearly pushed me in by an unscientific feminine grab at my coat.

"Bob said 'peep bo' to me just as you jumped in. I found him behind the currant bushes. I'm afraid he threw poor pussy in. Are you very wet, Mr. Rawdon?"

The cat, whom I was holding tight, dug her talons into me at this juncture.

"Hang the brat! I wonder what he'll do next," said I, shivering and stinging. "Was such an imp ever born?"

Arabella drew herself up.

"Mr. Rawdon," said she, "I could not fail to understand what you did me the honor to imply a while ago. More on the subject I will never allow myself to listen to from one who entertains such sentiments toward my darling little brother," and she sailed away, allowing me to depart as I pleased. I did not remain in the grove long, and I never called on Arabella again.

She has married the light-haired doctor since, but my envy of his happiness was not overwhelming; for when they went upon their bridal tour I saw a third party in the carriage. It was Bob.

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## TWO OPINIONS OF ONE HOUSE.

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### THE LANDLORD'S OPINION.

**A** SPLENDID house! The greatest bargain in the city. Used to let for five hundred dollars more a year. In perfect order. Don't know why I was such a fool as to let it go at that rent. Never ought to have let it at all. Tenants are such destructive creatures. All they are willing to pay—stingy wretches—doesn't cover their wear and tear. They scratch the paper off, ruin the paint, hang their ridiculous portraits on the walls on nails, knock the ceilings down, pull the locks off, lose the keys, break the bell wires. Have a lot of children about. Smoke everything with their cooking. Have company tramping up the steps, wearing the very stones out. All alike, tenants are; if they don't do one thing to destroy a body's house they do another. Some man or other had had a pipe in the dining-room last time I was there. No house can stand such things. And now they want me to repair it. Not

I. Not a penny-worth of repairs will I do ; and what is more, they shall either raise their rent this May or move. On that I'm determined.

#### TENANT'S OPINION.

Such a hole ! a perfect barn ! The dearest rent in New York. You see, Mr. B is never good at a bargain, and the landlady saw his weakness and charged him a rent no one else would have paid ; and everything needs repair. Ceilings cracked, locks off, range won't bake, furnace won't burn. Such horrid walls that we have to cover them all up with pictures and brackets and things. Land-ladies are such stingy creatures ! It seems to make a woman mean to own a house ! There isn't a handle on any door nor a key to a single pantry, and we've mended the door-bell fifteen times. I'm just wretched. I don't seem to take any comfort in fixing up. It doesn't pay. If she'd be just a little reasonable about repairs we'd do our share. And we're the best tenants—so prompt and so quiet. Only three dear, sweet, cunning little children—perfect angels. And I am a good housekeeper ; and Mr. B is so domestic ; his greatest dissipation is to smoke a pipe with a friend or two over a glass of beer of an evening. But I've made up my mind : either the rent must be reduced this year or we move.

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## A FRIGHTENED WOMAN.

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BREAKFAST, Mr. A ? No. I have cooked none. I couldn't light a fire without matches ; and what did I read about the effect of inhaling a lucifer match ? Well, you needn't laugh. You know I don't mean the match, but the fume that rises from it. I'll never have a match in my house again—never !

Don't put on your hat. You must not go down town to-day, Mr. A. The papers say it is only a question of time when that awful accident will happen on the elevated road ; and if it *does* happen, I'd rather be *there* than in the horse-cars below, I assure you. I call it flying in the face of Providence to take *any* cars.

I "look sleepy," do I ? Well, I *am* sleepy. I never closed an

eye all night. I shall never sleep again. Night is the time for burglars. I read that account of the whole family tied to bed-posts and beaten to death for the sake of the silver and jewelry ! Am I to sleep and let my children be murdered ?

Oh ! I can see you smile, but you may do it. " Give you some cold meat and bread, then ? " No ; a gentleman was choked only last night by a morsel of meat and bread swallowed hastily. As for cooking anything, there was a lady set fire to her apron at the range, and was burned to death, not four blocks away from here. Mr. A, put down that razor ! I can't see you shave. Only last Friday a gentleman who was shaving went out of his mind, and cut his wife's throat, and then his own.

No, children, you cannot go to school to-day. There was little Lizzle Picklebury kidnapped in Indiana, and never found for fourteen weeks ! No, out of my sight you can't go, so there now. And stop cutting those patches, Selina. I read of a little girl who put her eyes out with a sharp pair of scissors not long ago. The poor little child is blind now.

Lulu Arabella, while I think of it, I forbid your going to that party with Mr. Smith. How do you know but he may be a burglar in disguise ? Oh, yes, I know we think we know all about him ; but read that account of two respectable young men who taught Sabbath-school classes and all, who turned out to be members of a great company of burglars. Don't tell me ! Not another word. And never go out of an evening with Mr. Smith. He may have been paying attention to another young lady, and she might throw vitriol in your face and scar you awfully for life ! What ! " Highly improbable ? " Do you think so ? Read the papers, then. There were two cases of vitriol throwing yesterday.

What do you say, Mr. A ? " I've gone delirious, and you are going for the doctor ? " No, you needn't ; I've carried the joke far enough. Bridget has breakfast ready, and I don't mean a thing I said ; but you advised me yesterday to read the newspapers and improve my mind, and I read them all through while I was sitting up for you last night ; and you can see what the effect would be on my mind if I should go on doing that every night.

## IN AMITY OF SOUL.

“In amity of soul  
Let Christians dwell together,  
And without strife  
Live out this life,  
And each befriend his brother.”

THAT'S our choir singing ; Dr. Dodd is the basso, Mr. Potts is the tenor, Miss Lott the soprano, and Miss Miller the alto.

You think their singing sounds like that of angels? Well, so it does, my dear ; it brings the tears to my eyes. “And each befriend his brother.” How beautifully deep Dr. Dodd's voice is in that. He's been trying to get Mr. Potts out of his place for six months, ever since some one said that Potts sings better than he does—which is the fact, too. Poor Mr. Potts supports a widowed mother and a sick sister, and he needs his salary ; but they say that Dr. Dodd will get him out soon, and that rich Mr. Humblebee will sing in his place.

“In am-i-ty of soul.” What a sweet voice Mr. Potts has ! and how he hates Miss Miller. They quarrel behind the blue silk curtain all sermon time, and if she can do anything spiteful to him she does it. You see, he pays more attention to Miss Lott than he does to her—naturally so, for I believe they are engaged.

“In amity of soul let Christians dwell together.” How sweet that sounds ! That's Miss Miller's voice. She often says she could poison Dr. Dodd. She stood on his toe Easter Sunday on purpose—the foot with the corns on it. She glories in it, and says she enjoyed seeing him squirm. But she apologized beautifully before the minister. She said the heavenly words and music made her forget all else ; and the minister—good man—remonstrated with Dr. Dodd when he declared he didn't believe her.

There's Miss Miller again: “Let Christians dwell together.” Her enunciation is so perfect. They say she brings her two young lady cousins into the choir seats every Sunday to make fun of poor Miss Lott. Sometimes it's her voice, sometimes her bonnet that

they ridicule ; and Miss Lott says she shall box their ears some fine Sunday.

*Do you think our organist fine ? I do, though I'm no musician. But Dr. Dodd says he's never right, and he says that Dr. Dodd is always flat, and that as for Mr. Potts, if he makes any more satirical remarks about the monkey being *before* the organ, and not *on* it, he shall pull his nose on the gallery stairs some day.*

Oh, do hear them in the last chorus !

“ In amity of soul,” etc.

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## MIAOULETTA.

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HER fur was whiter than the falling  
snow,  
Her pretty nose was pinker than the  
rose;  
Castilian blondes have emerald eyes, you  
know,  
And Miaouletta's orbs were like to  
those.  
Her black frisette was parted on her  
head,

Like some young nun's beneath her coif and band;  
Supple her form and delicate her tread  
And soft her paw within a friendly hand.  
But in the midnight cruel was her shriek,  
And swift and sharp her claw when mice were heard to squeak.

Her home was in a great Parisian house,  
Let out in flats according to the mode.  
Au Première dwelt the German Baron Krouse,  
Au Seconde Madame Marabout abode;

Nine merry students dwelt au Troisième,  
Sung their wild songs, smoked pipe and cigarette,  
Blew kisses to the dame au Quatrième,  
Who, at her window, fed her paroquet;  
And in the garret, under bare, brown beams,  
A poor young painter dwelt and gave the world his dreams.

Often when crimson grew the evening sky,  
Turning the garret window-panes to gold,  
Fair Miaouletta with a little cry  
Crept softly 'neath the portière's dusky fold,  
Sprang with a purr upon the painter's knee,  
With her smooth head caressed his beard of gold  
Until she bade his pretty fancies flee  
And his eyes drop her bright eyes to behold;  
For Miaouletta's furry feline breast  
By a grand passion had, alas ! become possessed.

Often her mistress, the dame Marabout,  
Had said: "Thou shouldst have been a demoiselle,  
My pretty cat; thou wouldst have lovers true,  
And with a dot be sure to marry well;  
For of all girls I know are none so fair,  
So graceful and with such a dainty tread,  
None have such neatly-parted coal-black hair  
As thou hast on thy pretty little head."  
"Ah ! would I were a girl," poor pussy sighed;  
"And that my painter wooed me for his bride."

Far beyond Paris, where the maple trees  
Made a deep shadow round an old chateau,  
Near which the frightened peasant nightly sees  
A hideous spectre wander to and fro—  
A place deserted save by newt and toad,  
Where empty windows, darkly looking down  
Upon the long white ribbon of a road  
That winds so dustily from town to town,

Seem fitting frames whence demon heads should peep,—  
The wishing-well lies cool and dark and deep.

And whoso may prove brave enough its side  
To seek at midnight when the moon is bright,  
And there beside its margin to abide  
The while such things as haunt it are in sight—  
Elves, fairies, goblins, imps, a headless ghost—  
Showing no terror, uttering no cry,  
May, after, ask the thing he wishes most  
Of the crowned queen of all this motley fry.  
This tale to Miaouletta had been told  
On firelit winter eves by many a grand dame old.

And in the night, when all with pillow'd heads  
Rested, the city lying at her feet,  
Poor Miaouletta mounted to the leads  
And to the stars her story did repeat:  
“Oh, would I were a maiden fair and young !  
Oh, would I were a lovely demoiselle,  
Fairer than any poet ever sung,  
That he I love his love to me might tell !”  
Then sudden of the wishing-well thought she,  
And cried: “I'll risk my life no more a cat to be !”

Over the roofs of Paris the moon lies,  
A disk of silver set about with stars;  
Ghostly the spires point upward to the skies,  
And red on the horizon riseth Mars.  
Still is the night, save when the tipsy lurch  
Of some late reveller its silence breaks,  
Or in the miser's garden near the church  
Grimly his cruel watch-dog growls and wakes.  
Over the roofs a slim, swift shadow fleets:  
'Tis Miaouletta as fast she flies along the streets !

And now behind her lies her city home,  
Her feet are set upon the country road;  
They sink bemired in the new ploughed loam,  
Skirt the rough fence of many a small abode;  
Thorns tear her fur, the thistles pierce her skin,  
She skirts damp marshes that bemire her feet,  
And, unaccustomed to the country din,  
She trembles at the penned lamb's harmless bleat,  
And fears the cricket in its merriest mood,  
And dreads the hooting owl within the chestnut wood.

Breathless she nears at last the wishing-well,  
Just as the clock within the steeple high  
Drops on the village roofs its silver knell  
For twelve sad hours that have been doomed to die.  
It is the time for sheeted ghosts to rise,  
For fays to frolic and for imps to dance;  
Poor Miaouletta turns toward the skies,  
Where huntress Dian reigns, a timid glance,  
And, springing to the damp well's mossy brink,  
Cronches and shivers there and does not dare to think.

They eome—the fearful things that hannt the spot;  
Words cannot paint them hideous as they are:  
Witches on brooms, a crook'd, uneanny lot;  
Twelve imps from Hades soaked in blazing tar;  
Nine goblins driving eaeh a ehariot skull  
Drawn by nine new-born babes who sob for rest;  
Demons with eyes all leaden, dead, and dull;  
A thing with fiery orbs set in its breast.  
But these are not the sights that most affright  
White Miaouletta on this hideous, gresome night.

For all the elfin hunt is up and out,  
Horses and hounds and huntsmen are in view;  
The winding horn leads on the eruel rout,  
The dogs' deep bay awakes the view halloo.

And still from dimmest depths of elfin wood  
The wild cries of the chase continual swell;  
The furious rout comes nearer, rood by rood,  
Until it circles round the fairy well,  
And each dog lifts his eyes toward the face  
Of Miaouletta, who moves never from her place.

And Miaouletta's trial hour is passed.

The ghosts are gone, the fairy huntsmen fled,  
And in the still dark night she sits at last  
And sees a black bat circle round her head,  
Settle upon the well's cool brink, and then  
Change to a dainty, delicate young thing,  
Fairy in size—a goddess in her air;  
Her robe a spider's web, a moth's her wing,  
Who on a glittering wand does lightly lean,  
And Miaouletta knows it is the fairy queen.

“ Speak not,” the fairy cries, “ thou hast no need.  
My dainty ear thy wordless hope hath caught;  
And since thy love hath made thee brave indeed,  
Thou hast the wish that hither thee hast brought.  
Beneath this wand grow tall and fair and sweet  
As any gentle lady in the land,  
All satin smooth thy skin from brow to feet,  
Rosy thy lips and creamy white thy hand;  
Lovely as Venus rising from the sea,  
Rise, Miaouletta, Love's and Beauty's queen to be !”

Shivering and white she stood amidst the dew,  
Fearing her joy; and still the fairy wand  
Waved slowly on. The haunted old chateau  
Its ancient splendor in a trice had donned:  
The silken curtains draped the window-panes;  
Soft carpets spread once more across the floors;  
Flowers blossomed in the garden beds again,  
And liveried menials threw wide the doors,

And handmaids clustering round the new-born dame  
Dressed her in silken robes that from the Orient came.

“One warning word,” the fair enchantress cries,  
“Before I leave thee I have made so fair:  
A wish hath made thee and a wish can mar;  
Remember this, remember, and beware !”  
Then she was gone; and Miaouletta, bid  
To gaze upon a mirror, joyous cried:  
“Can this be she who late though often chid  
Unto her lady’s toilet table hied  
And, horror-stricken, saw the head so flat,  
The grizzled whiskers of a green-eyed, white-backed cat ?”

A countess to the painter’s garret hies,  
The countess Miaouletta, young and sweet.  
She smiles upon him with her azure eyes,  
Unbinds the hair that drops to kiss her feet.  
She poses with an antique statue’s grace,  
And bids him paint her with the truest art;  
And, worshipping the beauty of her face,  
From out his keeping slips the painter’s heart,  
And in that attic studio is told  
The tale forever new though still as Eden old.

The wedding morning dawns; the feast is spread  
Within the old chateau, a palace now.  
The priest has laid his blessing on each head,  
The orange-flowers deck Miaouletta’s brow.  
In the bride’s place she sits, while all the host  
Of liveried servants fill each sparkling glass  
With rare old wine, and she is made the toast,  
And on from lip to lip her praises pass.  
They whisper as the bridal paeans ring,  
The sun ne’er shone upon so beautiful a thing.

Sudden a cry ! The ladies start and cling  
 Each to her lord; one sereams and swoons away;  
 They are affrighted by a dreadful thing !

A little mouse, small, smooth, and very gray,  
 Of the chateau an old habitué,  
 Smelling the banquet, has crept from his hole  
 And to the widespread table made his way,  
 From the full feast to ask his little dole;  
 And quaint and comie in a carven bowl  
 Gnaws at a nut and sore affrights each lady's soul.

“ A mouse ! a mouse !” Uprises at the cry  
 The gentle bride, attired in wreath and veil—  
 Rises in haste; but ah, 'tis not to fly !

Her eyes shine brightly and her lips are pale;  
 She joins the chase with cries that chill the blood  
 Of those who listen, and her white robes sweep  
 Over the stairs, along the gorgeous hall,

Down to the kithehen, where she stoops to ereep,  
 And, cronching, elutches with her white-gloved hand  
 The hapless mouse, while all in fear around her stand.

Now for a moment she has let it go,  
 And now, with wanton triumph, claws it back.  
 She pats it, cuddles it her veil below,  
 Plays with it with a curious feline knaek,  
 While the young bridegroom, flushed with anxious shame,  
 Whispers that this is but an ill-timed jest;  
 Strives from the floor to lift his lovely dame.  
 And “ Is she mad ?” whispers eaeh wedding-guest,  
 While Miaouletta doth these words repeat:  
 “ Let me alone, for fain this sweet mouse would I eat.”

“ Cast the thing down, obey me !” wildly cries  
 The painter, deeming he himself is mad.  
 But she looks up into his eyes and sighs  
 And answers, and her voice is very sad:

“That you would love and cherish me you said;  
 If you deny me little things like that,  
 And prove a tyrant on the day we’re wed,  
 I wish with all my heart—I were a cat !”  
 And sudden forward fell upon her face,  
 Amidst her wedding-robcs of snow-white silk and lace.  
 He lifts her in his arms—but what betides !  
 The satin robe lies empty on his heart;  
 The wreath that crowned the loveliest of brides,  
 The veil, the coronet, all fall apart.  
 Bracelets and rings lie glittering on the floor,  
 The zone, unbuckled, glitters as it drops;  
 Empty the slippers lie beside the door,  
 And, growling even as she lieks her chops,  
 A white cat sits and eats a little mouse  
 Upon the desolate hearth of the enchanted house.

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## WHAT THE CRICKETS SAID.

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YOU would have eome last night if you had known  
 How close I watehed for you  
 Out in the garden, where the moonlight shone.  
 ’Midst deepest evening blue.  
 The crickets’ voices filled the air; I made  
 Words of them, these were they :  
 “ He comes not ! comes not !! comes not !!! ” so it played;  
 “ What keeps, keeps, keeps him away ?? ”  
 We were so gay that night: the others came ;  
 The hours wore wingèd feet;  
 Some graeious spirits tuned all hearts the same,  
 And yet ’twas incomplete,  
 Because you came not. Twice when breezes blew  
 Leaf shadows o’er the floor,  
 I fancied, out of hoping, it was you,  
 Your shadow at the door.

He sang, our Spaniard with the woman's smile;

Our sailor told his tale;

And in the spaces of the interwhile

Sweet whispers did prevail.

The night burnt out as perfumed censers burn,

And all was at its best,

When drifts of dreamy chat came in their turn

To follow song and jest.

And I took all my little rôle of mirth,

And played it fairly through;

Yet when cold midnight crossed the quiet earth

And bade me say, "Adieu,"

I from my pillow heard the crickets' cry,

And made of it once more :

"He came not! came not!! came not!!! just as I

Had made "comes not" before.

---

## "N" FOR NANNIE AND "B" FOR BEN.

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"**N**" For Nannie and "B" for Ben :

I see them now as I saw them then,

On the bark of the oak-tree wed.

She sat waist-deep in the clover white,

And the liquid gold of the June sunlight

Swept over her sweet young head.

And I stood carving the letters twain,

That time and tempest have all in vain

Striven to blur and blot.

They live in the oak-tree's dusky grain,

Stamped as their memory on my brain,

Changing and fading not.

Oh, the vows that I vowed that day !

Their broken shards in my bosom stay,

Wounding it hour by hour.

Could I be false to one so true ?  
Dared I be cruel, my love, to you,  
    Nannie, my lily flower ?

Ere the snow had whitened those letters twain,  
In the old church porch you hid your pain  
    As my bride and I passed by.  
Your eyes were brave, but your cheek grew white.  
The cheek I should have pillow'd that night  
    Where it never now may lie.

Little Nannie, you are at rest,  
The buttercups growing over your breast,  
    Close to the grave-yard gate.  
But ah ! I live to rue the day  
Gold tempted my steps from love away,  
    And mine is the sadder fate.

For I'd give the rest of my life to-night,  
To see you sit in the clover white,  
    The sun on your locks of gold,  
And carve once more, as I carved them then,  
"N" for Nannie and "B" for Ben,  
    On the bark of the oak-tree old.

---

## A DREAM.

---

WAS it a dream or not,  
    Love; do you know ?  
It seems so long, long, long,  
    Long, long ago,  
Counted by days and years  
    Not so far sped;  
Counted by falling tears,  
    Long ages dead.

Our boat was on the sea,  
 And Hope sat in the prow.  
 "Come, dearest, come,"  
 You whispered, all aglow;  
 "Come, love, come,  
 For Hope hath trimmed the bark;  
 Listen to her promises:  
 Hark, love, hark!"

In your hand my hand lay,  
 So you led me there,  
 Down steps that, as we left them,  
 Melted into air.  
 "Fear not, lady mine,"  
 So you whispered sweet;  
 "Wish we to retrace the steps  
 Trodden by Love's feet?"

We sat within our bark,  
 And Hope sang through sweet hours,  
 And Love lay at our feet,  
 Enchained with flowers;  
 And faded fast the shore,  
 White mists enwrapped the sea.  
 What did I see but you, love?  
 What did you see save me?

Our boat lay 'midst the mists:  
 "Hark, love, hark!  
 Are those muffled drums, love,  
 Beating through the dark?  
 Love is chained with cypress,  
 Hope is growing numb;  
 Come from out the mists, love,  
 Come, love, come.

“Our boat was on the sea,  
 But Death sat in the prow,  
 And Love had turned to tears,  
 And drowned Hope in them now.  
 And all the scene lay wrapped  
 In black mists brooding low,  
 But it was not all a dream, love;  
 Ah, no, love, no!”

---

## AT THE ALTAR.

HOW splendid is the Jewish bride,  
 High crowned with rubies like a queen,  
 Her crimson lips, her velvet eyes,  
 Her black locks with their satin sheen,  
 Miriam, O Miriam.

The jewelled bosom's fall and rise,  
 The jewelled ear, the jewelled arm,  
 Thyself the fairest gem of all,  
 Smiling and glowing, soft and warm,  
 Miriam, O Miriam.

His visioned dream the organ breaks  
 With plaintive rise and solemn swell;  
 Hark, from the belfry's lofty place  
 Peals merrily a marriage bell.  
 Alas, alas, O Miriam.

And in the painted window's light  
 He sees his bride, Penelope:  
 Pure as the pearls upon her brow,  
 And pale, and sweet, and proud is she,  
 Penelope, Penelope.

The joy-bells ring, the horses prance,  
 Fresh flowers are flung and kerchiefs fly;  
 The bridegroom sits as in a trance,  
 And still his heart repeats its cry,  
 Miriam, O Miriam.

Hadst thou defied thy kinsman's ban,  
 I from my father's curse been free,  
 My love would stand where now she stands,  
 My mother's choice, Penelope.  
 Miriam, O Miriam.

---

## THE OLD, OLD STORY.

---

THE pastor's little daughter  
 Sits smiling in the sun,  
 Beside her on the old stone bench  
 The story-book just done ;  
 And lurking in her wine-brown eyes  
 A story just begun,  
 For yonder, pruning apple trees,  
 Behold the farmer's son !

Slowly adown the pathway  
 The pastor comes and goes,  
 And settles with his long, lean hand  
 The glasses on his nose.  
 Bore ever dry, brown branch before  
 So beautiful a rose ?  
 Ah, he thinks his blossom only a bud,  
 Though he watches it as it blows.

Is it the story of Moses  
 In his rush-wrapped cradle found,  
 Or of Joseph and his brethren,  
 He thinks as he glances round ?

“ You have finished your volume, Amy,  
 Is it something Scriptural and sound ? ”  
 And his little daughter blushes and starts,  
 And her book falls to the ground.

Go on with your walk, good pastor,  
 You do not yourself deceive ;  
 It has been a Scriptural story  
 Since Adam first kissed Eve.  
 And never blush, little lassie,  
 The tale was written above ;  
 No other so speaks of heaven  
 As the old, old story of love.

---

## HER HEART WAS FALSE AND MINE WAS BROKEN.

[Written at fifteen years of age.]

---

WE stood upon the sea-girt sand,  
 And gazed upon the starlit ocean,  
 And there I fondly clasped her hand  
 And told her of my heart’s devotion.  
 The new moon from the summer sky  
 Saw our first kiss—love’s sweetest token ;  
 But ere another moon was high  
 Her heart was false, and mine was broken.

A perfumed note, a silken glove,  
 A shadow from the threshold gliding—  
 These were enough to banish love  
 That I had fondly deemed abiding.  
 Ah, do not bid me tell thee more,  
 For bitter was my heart’s awaking ;  
 Enough that when I passed the door  
 Her heart was false, and mine was breaking.

We met last night amidst the crowd;  
 Her beauty every voice was praising;  
 And while my heart beat fast and loud,  
 Her eyes on mine were calmly gazing.  
 Oh, could it be she had forgot  
 The tender vows that she had spoken?  
 Or was it she remembered not  
 Her heart was false, and mine was broken?

---

## TO A. M. OLAR.

AN OLD MAN'S MEMORIES.

IT was o'er! The trust I cherished  
 All too soon had known decay;  
 Black and hollow now I saw thee,  
 Thy fair surface shorn away.

Yet when striving to uproot thee,  
 Then I suffered deepest woe;  
 Bitter pain though thou hadst given,  
 Worse it was to feel thee go.

When I knew I must surrender  
 Every hold I had on thee,  
 Thou, alas! didst seem most tender,  
 Most to cling and cleave to me.

Naught can ever fill the place whence  
 Thou for aye must now depart,  
 I should only find another  
 Even falser than thou art.

Yet will aching mem'ries haunt me  
 Of that dentist void of ruth,  
 Who, with forceps strong and cruel,  
 Wrenched thee out, lost double tooth!

## BESSIE'S DILEMMA

THE cows in the farm-yard know me,  
Dapple, and Doll, and Dunn;  
And when at the garden-gate I stand,  
To greet me the watch-dogs run.  
"Everything loves you here," said he,  
And I knew his meaning. Well, ah me!

He is tall, this Western farmer,  
His hair is beech-nut brown,  
Flecked with gold in the sunlight:  
I have never seen him frown.  
"I'm sure to be kind to my wife," said he.  
I knew why he said it. Oh, dear me!

Apples grow in his orchard,  
Red and russet and gold;  
You would think snow lay in the meadow  
When he loosens his white sheepfold.  
"I don't know a better dairy," said he,  
"Than my wife will boast of." Oh, dear me!

One could dream of a life arcadian  
As a farmer's wife, I think,  
When the cattle stand in summer  
Mid-leg in the brook to drink;  
And the strawberries red in the grass I see,  
And the birds in the branches sing hymns to me.

But this peach-cheeked, blue-eyed farmer,  
Honest and good, I know,  
Could he live out a pastoral poem?  
Nothing but time could show.  
And the unloved, lonely wives I see  
Are so worn and pitiful! Oh, dear me!

Do any men love forever?  
 Do any men have time  
 To keep wedding-bells a-ringing  
 Through life with the same sweet chime?  
 Do poets live up to their dreams that you see,  
 Better than farmers? Oh, dear me!

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## LOVE'S REMINISCENCES.

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### I.

IN that enchanted hour  
 When the bee drones above the latest flower  
 That opes its heart to take him to its breast  
 Ere home he flies to rest,  
 When the last moon's pale ghost  
 Haunts twilight's ruddy coast,  
 Before night's sea o'erwhelms it black and cold,  
 And, queen-like, crowned with gold,  
 This eve's moon leads her host of silver stars,  
 I think of you.

It is the hour of rest:  
 Tired Nature drowses on Earth's placid breast;  
 Home to their nests the wandering swallows come;  
 The cattle cease to roam,  
 And patient wait beside the dairy door;  
 And I, day's dull toil o'er,  
 Find best repose of heart in thoughts of you,  
 Sweet thoughts of you.

### II.

There is a note within your voice  
 So exquisitely sweet,  
 That, wanting it, the nightingale  
 Leaves her song incomplete.

And once when woods were at their best,  
In prime of summer-time,  
I caught you singing unaware  
A fragment of old rhyme, my dear,  
A fragment of old rhyme.  
You gave a little golden laugh,  
Like waters in the sun;  
A ripple and a flash, my dear,  
And a dimple when 'twas done.  
You chided me for hearing you,  
And said you sang not well;  
But how your song had touched my heart  
I did not dare to tell, my dear, I did not dare to tell.

## III.

Once we rode together, your steed kept pace with mine;  
Purple shone the heather in the June sunshine.  
Underneath the alders, there we lighted down:  
Was there more than sweetness in those eyes of brown?  
All alone together, only you and I—  
Sweetest of all mem'ries, let that mem'ry lie  
Nearest to my bosom, dearest to my soul,  
Of all recollections that make up life's whole!  
Might I not have kissed you 'neath those alders sweet?  
Did I only fancy I made your heart beat?

## IV.

Oh, I know that there is bliss  
In the meeting of your kiss,  
And I dream that your embrace  
Every woe of life might chase  
From my bosom's desert place,  
Yet I may not tell you so.  
One way, dearest, I must go,  
And the other you, I know.  
Still I'll fondly watch o'er you,  
And in secret keep heart-true  
To a love you never knew.

## V.

Past is the twilight hour,  
 The time I dedicate unto my dreams :  
 It leaves me sadly like a fading flower  
 Amidst night's still star-beams.  
 Day is too garish for sweet thoughts of you,  
 And night too cold ;  
 Till the next twilight cometh then, adieu,  
 Adieu, my love, to you.

---

## A GREAT MAN.

**G**REAT? Nay, the man is never great,  
 However high he chance to rise,  
 When 'neath ambition's cruel yoke  
 His true soul prostrate lies.

I hate a coward who does not dare  
 To wear his colors in his cap  
 And face the world, his simple self,  
 No matter what may hap ;

Who cringes for the public smile,  
 And in a masker's habit decked,  
 For but a little meagre fame  
 Would pawn his own respect.

O baits of fortune and of pride,  
 So paltry seen in heaven's light,  
 That ye should tempt the souls of men  
 From purest truth and right !

So that I sometimes think that power  
 And fame and wealth the soul assoil,  
 And that the patriot must be  
 Some humble son of toil,

Who, doing well his simple part  
 By wife and babes and parents old,  
 Keepeth a patriarchal law  
 Within his little fold.  
 And while his “*bettters*” fight for place,  
 And many a “*great man*” turns his coat,  
 Goes calmly to the village polls  
 And casts one honest vote.

### AURELIA'S VALENTINE.

**T**WAS on the eve of good St. Valentine,  
 The patron saint of lovers—mine awhile,—  
 That, flushed with draughts of hope's ambrosial wine,  
 Pressed from the vintage of Aurelia's smile,  
 I sat me down to write a simple rhyme.  
 Thoughts that were honey-sweet  
 Sought to the Muse's temple still to climb,  
 Treading a measure to my heart's wild beat;  
 Till they were fit, methought, so bright to shine,  
 As to be named      Aurelia's valentine.

“The day may come when I may take  
 Thee, best-loved, to my breast,  
 As birds their birdlings, when they break  
 Their fairy prisons, to their nests.  
 White-shrined within my heart have lain  
 The brooded dreams, beloved, of thee,  
 As in their pearly shells the birds  
 Reposed before their wings were free.  
 And faintest chirpings I have heard  
 Of the sweet song I hope to hear  
 In perfect melody, my bird,  
 When I have cast away all fear,  
 And thou art mine and I am thine,  
 Who now am but      Thy valentine.

“Oh, bright shall be the woodland nest,  
 Mine own, that I will build for thee;  
 Life’s beating storms may do their best,  
 My bosom still shall shelter thee;  
 And when the spring-time smiles are o’er,  
 And faded all the summer’s prime,  
 And naught remains but winter hoar,  
 With all his woful frost and rime,  
 Together, as the glad birds flit  
 When autumn comes to tropic shores,  
 We’ll wing our happy way where love  
 Immortal dwells forevermore,  
 And there shalt thou for aye be mine,  
 Who now am but  
 Thy valentine.”

’Twas on the morn of good St. Valentine,  
 The patron saint of lovers—mine no more,—  
 I saw two shadows in the sweet sunshine  
 Athwart the lattice of a cottage door.  
 Only two shadows, but their lips had met.  
 I passed and left them. O sad heart of mine!  
 In thee that golden dawn life’s sun had set,  
 Aurelia never read her valentine!  
 Down in the wood I found an empty nest,  
 Untimely built where spring and winter meet,  
 Broken and soiled, and ’stead of loving breasts,  
 Its mossy hollow filled with frozen sleet.  
 The sight o’erbrimmed my eyes with sorrow’s brine:  
 “Ah me!” sighed I, “thou wert some poor  
 Bird’s valentine.”

PART THIRD.

MISCELLANEOUS AUTHORS.

## AT THE RUG AUCTION.

HENRY BALDWIN.

## THE POPULAR IDEAL OF DECORATIVE ART.

*Dramatis Personæ: FERDINAND; his MOTHER; two YOUNG LADIES; BRIDE and BRIDEGROOM.*

HIS MOTHER. I don't know much about this kind of thing, you know ; but the Potters say it's the correct thing to have rugs, and I'm bound to have them while they're the rage. You know your father says I never get anything till it goes out of fashion, don't you know, and I must say I got ahead of him for once, yesterday. I ordered a screen with storks and cat-tails at the "Decorative Art." I suppose the Potters ought to know, oughtn't they, Ferdinand ? They've been abroad.

FERDINAND. Ya-as! But so has our butcher, don't you know.

HIS MOTHER. Oh, that's a different thing. I'm sure Genevra is posted as to what's what ; she studied art in Florence a whole month ; with the old masters, I suppose.

FERDINAND. Ya-as ; some old duffer or other. I say ! these things have a second-hand look.

HIS MOTHER. Why, of course. That's because they're so ancient, don't you know ; and the Potters say they're not genuine unless they're dingy. The Potters are perfect amateurs in all this sort of thing, don't you know.

FERDINAND. You mean connoisseurs, don't you ?

HIS MOTHER. No, of course I don't ! I took a prize at school in French literature, before you were born. Where *do* you suppose they got so many rugs ? It really makes me sad to think of the poor Persians, or Turks, or whatever they are, parting with their treasures and living on bare floors, don't you know.

FERDINAND. Oh, they don't worry much over it, I guess. I'll bet these old things are all made over in Hoboken, where they get up the antique furniture, don't you know. They smell bad enough

to have come from Hoboken, or Hunter's Point, for that matter. I should think they might have dusted them a little before they put them on the ferry-boat, don't you know.

HIS MOTHER. Oh, hush ! I want to hear what these people behind us are saying.

YOUNG LADY. Yes ! Isn't it just too oriental for *anything* ! Such *harmony* ! Doesn't it take you right back to the East ? Doesn't it remind you of what's-his-name in the Arabian Nights ? Why, how a thing goes from you ! Why, *you* know !

HER FRIEND. Oh, yes, of course. What-do-you-call-her told him stories ?

YOUNG LADY. Yes, that's it ! Isn't it just like that ? Do see that sweet prayer rug ! Can't you imagine a corsair, or some such fascinating creature, spreading it out on the floor of a Bosphorus—no—what is it they call them ?

HER FRIEND. Why, I don't know. Perhaps you mean a mosque. Don't they pray in those sometimes ?

YOUNG LADY. Yes. That's what I meant. All tiled, you know, and brass lamps and incense and bric-à-brac, and all that sort of thing ; and how angelic he must have looked, kneeling on it with his dark eyes !

HER FRIEND. You *do* have the loveliest ideas ! I never knew any one with such an imagination. You ought to write poems and have them published.

YOUNG LADY. Why, the idea ! There's a seraphic thing-a-majig ! Where's the catalogue ? Well, I can't pronounce it ! The beauty of it is that they put their whole soul into it. It's for daily use, and yet they've made it a "thing of beauty"—you know that sweet poem of Longfellow's ? That's Ruskin's idea, you know. Now, if our artisans would only—oh, that dust ! Don't you detect the odor of sandalwood ?

HER FRIEND. Ye-es. No, I don't think I can go quite so far ; it smells just like common American dust, to me ; but then I have this horrid cold.

YOUNG LADY. You always were too practical for any use ! I can fancy it the sand blown in from the desert, don't you know !

Perhaps from where the pyramids and the sphinx are ; stirred up, perhaps, by a passing caravansary, or herd of flying gazelles, and a swarthy Arab pursuing on a camel, and all that, and very likely a stamboul warbling in a banana tree.

HER FRIEND. Well, I've never been married—not but what I've had oceans of chances—but if I had, I wouldn't make a tableau of myself as those people over there are doing. You'd think they were in the middle of a prairie.

BRIDE. No, darling ! I don't mind standing, in the least. I can lean on you. You don't mind, do you, Charley ?

BRIDEGROOM. I should say not, tootsy-pootsy ! Here, I'll put my arm around you. Did she want a rug ? Well, she shall ! I'll bid on that one. Three !

BRIDE. Oh, dearie ! what made you ? It's too big for our room.

BRIDEGROOM. Well, girlie-pearlie, can't you take a reef in it ?

BRIDE. Why, Charley ! How it would look ! Besides, I can't sew ; it hurts my fingers.

YOUNG LADY. There ! It's gone, for ten dollars ! I'm mad enough to cry !

HIS MOTHER. You ought to speak louder, Ferdinand, don't you know. I believe we could have got that for seven.

FERDINAND. I thought you didn't want it.

HIS MOTHER. Well, I didn't. I think it was awfully ugly, but I didn't want that long-faced woman over there to get it. She'd made up her mind she'd have it, if the skies fell. Now there's a beauty !

FERDINAND. What there is left of it. It's mostly tatters and moth-holes. It ain't a bit handsomer, now I tell you, than the old carpet in our office. That's just the correct, aesthetic tone ; all cigar-ashes and ink-stains. The Governor'd be mighty glad to let you have it. Then if you got the smallpox, don't you know, you'd know where it came from.

BRIDE. Yes, darling, it is very rich and elaborate, but green wouldn't go with pink satin. It would be horrible.

BRIDEGROOM. Well, I don't see why one color isn't as good as another. Perhaps you don't like my blue trousers and my red

cravat, combined with my yellow Derby. If there's a stylisher fellow in our block, I'd like to see him.

BRIDE. O Charley, how ean you suspect me of finding fault? You *know* I think everything you *have* and *say* and *do* perfect. We never will quarrel, will we, ownie-own?

BRIDEGROOM. No, indeed, lovey. Let's get out of this beastly hole and go and buy some brand-new, clean matting like my mother used to use.

BRIDE. Oh, I don't want matting. I don't see why I ought to have it, just because your—

BRIDEGROOM. Well, anything you say. [*Exeunt, murmuring.*]

HIS MOTHER. I do wish that horrid woman in front would keep her umbrella down. Eight! I bid eight! Ten! Oh, why *don't* he look this way? I *must* sing out. Ferdinand, you haven't the breath of a mosquito. Twelve! [*Stands on her chair.*]

FERDINAND. Hold on, ma, you'll bankrupt the whole concern. You've got five already!

HIS MOTHER. I suppose I have, but it's so exciting. It really is a science, isn't it? You have to be so discriminating and judicious to get real bargains, don't you know. What idiots some of those people made of themselves; making themselves so conspicuous! Yes, I'm ready to go. Have you paid for the rugs? Well, the Potters said you have to pay down. Here's a lot of silver I want to get rid of.

FERDINAND. Should think you'd want to, be Jove! There ain't a dollar here that ain't plugged.

HIS MOTHER. I do wish you wouldn't use slang. I can't understand a word you say. That money's perfectly good, there isn't a hole in one of the pieces.

FERDINAND. But you ean't pass a plugged piece, don't you know. Where on earth did you get it?

HIS MOTHER. I don't know and I don't eare. I don't see what odds it makes. You men are so fussy. A dollar's a dollar, isn't it? Well, if you must be so unreasonable, here are some bills.

YOUNG LADY. Say! Marie! did you notice that gentleman who

just went out with his mother? You could tell from his face that he was highly cultured.

HER FRIEND. Oh, the dear thing! Where is he? Oh yes, isn't his back hair sweet? Well, let's go too. Bother the old rugs; where you going next,—Huyler's? Well, I've got to take the elevated. Good-bye! be sure to have three rows of tucks. [They embrace and separate.]

## THE SAD FATE OF A POLICEMAN.

AN officer stood at the crossing one day,  
Who with answering questions was tired,  
When a beautiful maiden, passing that way,  
The road to the “*depo*” inquired.

The weary policeman directed her straight  
To the street through which she should go,  
When an elderly lady, who seemed to be late  
For the train, wished to find the “*depoe*.”

Then a man with his arms full of crockeryware—  
Cups, saucers, a pitcher and teapot—  
Came up and inquired, with an anxious air,  
The most direct route to the “*depot*.”

Then the officer gave the directions to these,  
Though he was annoyed, it was clear;  
Then a rustic approached him and said, “If you please,  
Is it far to the ‘*daypo*’ from here?”

A man in pursuit of a runaway pair  
Came up, with the speed of a hippo—  
Griff winging its flight through the ambient air,  
Inquiring the way to the “*dippo*.”

The officer silently pointed the way;  
His mind was in sad tribulation,  
For then came an Englishman, asking: “I say,  
Can you tell me the way to the station?”

The officer's seen at the crossing no more,  
For something's gone wrong in his brain,  
And his family has placed him, his mind to restore,  
In a home for the harmless insane.

To visit him often his old comrades go,  
And he seems to find some consolation  
In asking them: "Say, is it *depo, depoe,*  
*Dippo, daypo, depot, or station?*"

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## A NEW VERSION OF A CERTAIN HISTORICAL DIALOGUE.

---

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

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"**G**EORGE," said his father, with a countenance more in sorrow than in anger, "George, some one has cut down my favorite cherry-tree. Do you know anything about it?"

Young Washington did not quail before his father's accusing glance. He looked him straight in the eye, and an expression of honest resolution gleamed in the clear eye and frank countenance.

"My father," he said, "I will not deceive you. I do know something about it, but that is not the issue at all. You have, in effect, charged me with being privy to the destruction of your favorite tree. Now, the question is, since you have filed information and laid this charge against me, what do you know about it?"

"I know that you have a hatchet," replied the father sternly. "I know what a boy with a hatchet is liable to do. I know that some one has cut down my favorite cherry-tree—"

"Stop right there!" interrupted the future father of his country. "You say this was your tree?"

"I do."

"How came it yours?"

"I planted it."

"Now, sir, are you certain it was not on this farm before you came here?"

"No, sir, it was not."

"Then why did you say so?"

"Why did I say what?"

"That's right; evade, quibble, crawl out of it somehow. All right. If you don't want to answer a fair, plain, simple question, you don't have to."

"But I didn't say it was on the farm when I came here."

"Oh, very well, deny it. Is there any other retraction you would like to make?"

"I don't retract anything. I merely declare that I never said that tree was on the farm when I came here."

"Oh, well, father, don't get excited and talk loud. You may go back on your entire statement if you wish. Perhaps you will next try to make us believe that this farm wasn't here, either, when you came."

"Why, of course it was here. I don't—"

"Didn't you say, a moment ago, that it was not?"

"That was the tree!"

"Ah, yes; you turn it off on the tree now. You've been talking about the tree all this time, then?"

"Why, certainly I have."

"Then you just admitted that it was here when you came here?"

"No, my son; that was the farm."

"But not half a dozen questions ago you admitted that. You said in these very words: 'Why, of course it was here,' did you not?"

"I said those words, but I was speaking of the farm."

"And yet you said but this very moment that all this time you had been talking about the tree. It is useless to continue this examination. My father, of all human vices lying is the commonest, and I doubt not that it is the worst. It blunts our moral sensibilities; it leads us to distort and exaggerate simple statements of fact; it blurs our powers of intelligent observation, until even a man of ordinary scholarship and intellectual development is unable to tell whether he is talking about a farm or a cherry-tree. The complaint is dismissed. I doubt very much if you can even establish the fact that you ever owned a tree. Go to the nursery, and if you intend

planting a tree in the place of the one you imagine you have lost, you had better take a man with you to show you the ground, lest you might plant the tree in your hat. You may go."

Sadly the old man turned away, but he told the man who helped him plant the new tree that if he had a hundred boys he wouldn't let another one of them study law.

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## DIFFICULT LOVE-MAKING.

---

WILL CARLETON.

---

HE. Ethel, I love you, let it suffice,  
My words are earnest, if not o'ernice.  
'Mid all the century's arts and shams,  
My love is as firm as

HUCKSTER [*in the street*]. Soft-shell c-l-a-m-s !

HE [*recovering*]. Fie on the villain ! Ethel, my heart  
Is yours forever; we must not part.  
Often my soul, in some lonely spot,  
Reaches for yours, and finds it not;  
And breaks into still, tumultuous sobs—  
Longing—longing for—

HUCKSTER [*in the street*]. Crabs an' l-o-b-s—  
L-o-b-s-t-e-r-s !

HE [*indignantly*]. Fie on the sordid wretch,  
Collapsing my speech, with his mouth a-stretch !  
Ethel, I need, for my heart's repose—

VOICE [*in the street*]. Cash for ol' clo's—ol' clo's, ol' clo's.

HE [*tenderly*]. If you will be my life heart-friend,  
You shall have always

VOICE [*in the street*]. B-o-i-l-e-r-s to mend !

HE [*resolutely*]. You shall have always love and rest,  
Soothing you through life's varied scenes;  
Safe in our Boston bright home-nest,  
We will e'er live on

HUCKSTER [*in street, shrilly, and in a tone of interrogation*].

Pork an' b-e-a-n-s?

HE [*despairingly*]. Ever 'tis thus. You see I may

As well talk Greek, 'or Zulu, or Hindoo;

Chaos intrudes, whatever I say;

I will close my speech.

SHE [*smiling*]. Or, perhaps, the window.

---

## SUPPOSE.

---

T. H. ROBERTSON.

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FRANK. Suppose, Fadette, that I, instead of keeping tryst  
With you to-night, had stayed away to dose;  
Or call upon Miss Brandt; or play at whist.

Suppose—

FADETTE. Suppose you had ! Think you *I* should have cared ?  
Indeed, ain't you a bit concei— don't take  
My rose—a gift to me.

FR. From whom ?

FA. Well, Joseph Mead, suppose.

FR. Suppose it is. Then I'm to understand, Fadette—

If I must read your words in plainest prose,  
My presence matters not to you—and—yet

Suppose—

FA. Suppose you are to understand me so ?

You're free—*do* if you wish ! And—

Oh, the river's froze. What skating we shall  
Have to-morrow. We—that's Jose—

FR. And Jose be hanged ! It seems to me, Miss  
Lowe, that you are acting rather lightly; rumor  
Goes that he—but since I seem to bore,

Adieu. Suppose—

FA. Suppose we say good-night—  
Good-night, sir, and good-bye.

FR. What does this mean, Fadette? Are you—

FA. We'll close this scene at once.

My words are plain, sir, I suppose.

FR. Compose yourself, Fadette.

FA. My name, sir, is Miss Lowe.

FR. Come, come, Fadette, do look beyond your nose—

FA. Here is your ring!

FR. I take it, though, suppose—

FA. Suppose you do, sir,—you—

FR. Enough, Miss Lowe, farewell! 'Tis best! I've been deceived  
in you, God knows.

Coquette! a heartless flirt! a haughty belle, who chose—

FA. Suppose—oh! oh, let's part as friends! I hate you, there!

FR. Fadette! in tears? This surely shows you'll pardon me—

FA. And—Frank—we'll ne'er suppose.

## DIFFERENT WAYS OF SAYING YES.

*Dramatis Personæ: Miss BELLE; DR. TWIST; Pupils.*

*Time: The noon intermission.*

MISS B. Good-morning, Dr. Twist, I'm sure it is a pity  
My school is just dismissed, since you are school committee.

DR. T. Never mind, my dear Miss Belle, another time will do;  
I like it just as well to make my call on you.

MISS B. Loss to my girls and boys, but I shall be the winner;  
You must excuse their noise, so many stay to dinner.  
Be seated, Doctor.

DR. T. Thanks; have you a pleasant place?

MISS B. Oh, yes! I like the teacher's ranks—I shall serve here all  
my days.

DR. T. Perhaps not so, Miss Belle, it may ere long be noted  
 You fill this place so well you ought to be promoted.  
 How do you find your school?

MISS B. Oh, Doctor, they are queer!

They do pronounce so strangely, out in the country here.  
 For instance, it is funny, you'd think so too, I guess,  
 The many different ways they have of saying "yes."

DR. T. Call them, and questions ask, my interest is up.

MISS B. John Jones, your morning task,—have you performed it?  
 "Yup!"

Ha, ha! here is another, that little Dutchman raw:  
 Peter Bogle, is your mother any better!

"Yaw!"

DR. T. Ask next that black-eyed gipsy that stands the window near.

MISS B. Bessie Lee, do you like apples, would you like to have one?  
 "Yeah!"

I'll call my little Pat, who is never known to miss;  
 Do you love your books, my lad? Tell me truly!  
 "Faix ma'am, yis!"

Come here, you curly pate, do you want to be a mayor,  
 Or a president, or anything so great as a school committee?  
 "A-er!"

They give us so much fun they certainly repay us.  
 Kate, is your problem done? Have you the answer?  
 "A-us!"

Is it not a curious class, a comic recitation?

DR. T. Yes; and it surely has my official approbation.

Will you my pupil be, while I a question ask?

Will you pronounce for me, if I give you a task?

MISS B. Of course, if all the rest have not been fully ample,  
 I'll do my best to please with my example.

DR. T. I came to seek a wife. If now my suit I press,

Will you leave your school for life? What is your answer?

MISS B. "Yes!"

## A TWILIGHT PASTORAL.

KATIE takes her milking-pail,  
And to the meadows trips along;  
As sunbeams slant adown the vale,

She sweetly sings her milking-song:

*“Heigho! heigho! a-milking I go;  
Come Spot and come Bonnie,  
Come Brindle, come Brownie,  
The sun fast is sinking,  
The bright stars are blinking,  
Come to me, my darlings,  
'Tis Katie who calls!”*

The meadows in the gold rain glisten,  
The cricket stops his chirp to listen,

As o'er the grass the sweet voice rings,—  
And lo! high on the topmost spray  
A robin gaily sings.

Colin hears the sweet voice call,  
And sees the kine go lowing to her;  
No call for him—and yet he goes!

Ah, twilight is the time to woo her!

*“Heigho! heigho! a-milking I go;  
Come Spot and come Bonnie,  
Come Brindle, come Brownie,  
The sun fast is sinking,  
The bright stars are blinking,  
Come to me, my darlings,  
'Tis Katie who calls!”*

So Colin leans upon the bars  
And wooeth Kate, until the stars  
Shine through the haze the twilight brings—  
And still upon the topmost spray  
The robin gaily sings.

The years roll on, the summers go,  
 The grass springs green, the waters flow,  
 And Katie, gray, with Colin sitting—  
 He with his pipe, she with her knitting—  
 As twilight shadows trooping throng,  
 Hears another Katie's song,  
 And sees, within the meadows fair,  
 Another Colin wooing there:

*“Heigho! heigho! a-milking I go;  
 Come Spot and come Bonnie,  
 Come Brindle, come Brownie,  
 The sun is fast sinking,  
 The bright stars are blinking,  
 Come to me, my darlings,  
 'Tis Katie who calls!”*

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## WHAT HE WOULD GIVE UP.

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WHEN mamma said, “Now, children dear,  
 You know that it is Lent;  
 Some blessing you should sacrifice,  
 Which Heaven to you has sent,”  
 Our ten-year-old made haste to say,  
 “You promised *me* a dress,  
 And I say I will give that up,  
 ‘Twill be enough, I guess.”

“Well, I love sugar in my tea,  
 Three lumps, and sometimes four;  
 If I agree to go without,  
 You could not ask for more,”  
 Said number two, with thoughtful face  
 And wisely nodding head,  
 While number three was thinking fast,  
 Our roguish little Fred.

“ I want to div up sumfin’ big,  
    ”Tause I ain’t very dood,  
But when my fings was div to me,  
    I touldn’t if I would.”  
Then, while his bright eyes shone like stars,  
    With manner calm and cool,  
He said, “ I fink dat I will try  
    An’ div up doin’ to school.”

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## MY FIRST SCHOOL.

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I WAS a normal graduate, brimful of methods and with no experience. This was my first school, and I had come with a trunkful of crowded blank-books, a diploma, and an immense amount of confidence in how I was to proceed. Well, the bell rang, and in filed forty of the wildest, dirtiest, roughest-looking little boys you ever saw. My committeeman had told me that there would be something of a rough element. However, I was not to be discouraged. Had I not been told at the normal how many a rude, uncultured waif had, by the untiring patience and the influence of his teacher, come to be a noble man—a president perchance? All this I recalled as my prospective presidents tumbled, punched, and pushed each other into their chairs. Taking advantage of a moment’s pause while the boys were making a mental estimate of my muscle, I opened school and drew forth my record-book, remembering that my normal book said, “ Get the love of your children. Get them to feel that you really need them.” So I said, with my sweetest smile: “ Now, boys, you are strangers to me. I do not even know your names, so first I want you to help me learn them. You will please answer as I call the roll:

“ Jack McKinney.”  
“ Prisint.” [Loud.]  
“ James Haley.”  
“ Prisint.” [Louder.]  
“ Joe Gallagher.”  
“ He’s got to pitch in wood.” [Very loud.]

“Patrick Shannon.”

“There's five Pats in this class, tacher.”

[*Rise and shake the hand lustily.*]

“Away with yer now, therc's only four.”

“An' yer lyin'.”

“Ther's five.”

“Ther's four.”

“Ther's five.”

“Ther's four.”

In this short time I had learned that child-nature is not always what books picture it to be. Then seizing upon a boy whose flying missiles had just grazed my head, I said: “McKinney, what have you under your desk?”

“I've a herring, ma'am.”

“Bring that herring to me. Where did you get that herring?”

“At the store, ma'am.”

“At the store! What in the world did you get that vile thing for?”

“For a cint, ma'am,” was the ready answer.

Now I had planned to have a written exercise that morning on “bones,” and although my faith in child-nature was considerably diminished, I resolved to carry it through. My exercises were unique, at least. Here is McKinney's own as he read it before the school:

#### “BONES.

“Bones is the framework of the body. If I had no bones in me I should not have so much shape as I have now. If I had no bones in me I should not have so much motion, and tacher would be glad. But I like to have motion. Bones give me motion, because they are something hard for motion to cling to. If I had no bones in me, me brains, lungs, heart, and larger blood-vessels would be lying around in me and might get hurted. But now me bones get hurted, but not much, unless it is a hard hit. If me bones were burned I should be brittle, because it would take the animal out of me. If I was soaked in acid I should be limber. Tacher showed us a bone that had been soaked. I should rather be soaked than burned. Some of me bones don't grow close to me others. I am

glad that they don't grow snug like the branches of a tree, for if they did I could not play leap-frog and other good games I know. The reason they don't grow that way is because they have joints. Joints is good things to have in bones. There are two kinds. The ball and the socket joint like my shoulder is the best. Tacher showed it to me, only it was the thigh of a cow. One end was hollowed in deep. That is the socket, and it oils itself. It is the only machine that oils itself. Another joint is the hinge-joint, like my elbow. It swings back and forth, and it oils itself. It never creaks like the school door. There is another joint that don't seem much like a joint. That is the skull. All my bones put together in their right places make a skeleton. If I leave out any or put any in wrong places it ain't no skeleton. Some animals have their skeletons on their outsides. I am glad I ain't them animals, for me skeleton, like it is on the school chart, wouldn't look well on me outsides."

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## THE INNOCENT DRUMMER.

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WITH RECITATION LESSON-HELPS BY FRED WINSLOW ADAMS.

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### ACT I.—THE PARTING.

“**M**Y love, my only one! The time will soon be here when I shall be in a position to snap my fingers at fate and set up as my own boss. Then we shall have no more of these cruel partings.”

“And you will be true to me, love?”

“As I always am. By the way, you did not forget to put that photo you had taken especially for me into my gripsack, did you?”

“Oh dear, no; are you sure you will look at it sometimes, love?”

“You wicked little doubter! you know I should be wretched without at least such a precious semblance of my darling one to look at daily, nightly.”

Draw the veil of charity over his grief, and the treachery of one in whom he had such unbounded confidence. In brief, she, his only love, his pet, his wife, had secretly planned to make him wretched. She had taken that photograph from his gripsack, and

was gloating over his misery when he should discover that only memory remained to him, for the time being, of his darling's looks.

"The dear fellow, how he will scold me for the trick; but I will send him the photo just as soon as I hear from him."

Thus appeasing her conscience she waited for his first letter. It came from Chicago. With eagerness she broke the seal and read:

"**MY HEART'S DELIGHT:** Got here O. K., this A.M. Have been wrestling with the trade all day, and a tough time I've had of it! Weary and fagged, I have retired to my room, shut out the gilded atmosphere of sin that envelops this terrible city, and taken from my satchel your sweet picture. It is before me as I write. I shall kiss it when I have said my evening prayers. It will rest under my pillow. It is my one solace until I hold you, my darling one, in these faithful arms again."

Thus far she read, and toppled over on to the floor. What consolation she found there it would be hard to say; but a great determination rose with the stricken wife, who went out an hour later and sought a telegraph office.

## ACT II.—THE DRUMMER IN CHICAGO.

The drummer had been saying his prayers abroad on this particular evening, and arriving at his hotel about midnight, tired and exhausted, he was startled at finding a telegram from his only love. It was indeed a rude shock to his spiritual emotions. He was not in the habit of receiving such swift replies from his pet, but one could not expect an outraged wife to transmit her feelings by the slow mail. He read the dispatch:

"You are no longer the only drummer that is not a liar, as you have always claimed. Let the fraternity make you their chief in the art. Had you taken the pains even to look for the photo you say your prayers to, you would have discovered that I had, to tease you, removed it. My faith in you is dead, dead!"

"What the dickens did I write her anyway? By Jove! I must have been piling on the taffy. That's what a man gets for trying to make a woman feel good! Poor little dear, what a fume she must be in! Lucky for me she gave her grievance away. ♦

dear, what geese these women are anyway. Bless her little noddle, her faith in me shall be resurrected."

Forthwith he telegraphed to a knowing friend:

"Send me first mail photo of my wife. Beg, borrow, steal it somehow. Mum's the word. Will write particulars."

### ACT III.—THE RETURN.

About a week later a drummer, in dignified martyrdom, stood face to face with a stern but very wept-out wife. She had expected to find him meek and humble, but he gazed upon her with scorn, and passed to his room in silence. With quick impulse she followed, thanking Heaven he had not locked her out. After surveying him a few moments, she opened fire:

"Well, what have you to say for yourself?"

"I?"

"Yes, you."

"O woman, were it not for the overmastering love I bear you, I should never look upon you more!"

"Can you explain the deception you tried to practice upon me?"

"Can you obliterate the insult put upon your husband in that unwomanly dispatch? A woman with so little confidence in her husband had better live alone. For my part, I am not only disgusted but disenchanted!"

She holds the letter before his eyes: "Read that! Knowing you had no picture of mine, what was I to think?"

"What any intelligent, right-minded wife would have thought. You should have said: 'My husband is incapable of deceit—he has my picture somehow!'"

"But you did not have it!"

"O woman, without an atom of faith!" He produced the photograph.

"O darling, forgive me! You did have my picture, didn't you? This old thing, taken long before we were engaged! Why, I didn't know you ever had one of these."

The restored confidence caused the pretty blue eyes to swim in tearful joy. She threw her arms about his neck, begging his pardon, and caressing his coat-collar

"My dear, let this be a warning. Never doubt me in the future. No matter what appearances may be, remember I can always look you squarely in the eyes and say, 'I am innocent.'"

And she believed him!

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### RECITATION LESSON-HELPS.

WHILE gesture and emphasis depend upon the reader's interpretation of a selection rather than upon any fixed rules, yet often-times suggestions may help to an interpretation of the author's meaning; and in a dramatic piece directions may be quite essential to a proper interpretation with regard to presenting it before an audience. In this light I offer the following suggestions.

ACT I.—Announce your selection with what explanation you see fit. Then walk rapidly down stage, right, with both arms extended. Clasping the hands of your supposed wife, exclaim: "My love, my only one!" etc., and the selection is opened. At the conclusion of the speech "Then we shall have no more of these cruel partings," gently place your right arm about her. The drummer is a little affected in his devotion, and you should suggest this by tone and manner.

His wife looks up tenderly, as if snuggled in his arms, with a shy witchery in her eye as she says: "And you will be true to me, love?"

In reading the letter, make your delight at hearing from your husband apparent, and also the eagerness to know what he has to say about the photo. Some comments as you read along will heighten the effect, as adding after reading the line "and a tough time I've had of it," the words "Poor fellow!" and again after the line "which envelopes this terrible city," "the dear boy!" continuing "and taken from my satchel,"— look puzzled and repeat, "and taken from my satchel, *your sweet picture*." Read the rest slowly, emphatically, at first somewhat bewildered, but increasing in speed and emphasis as the truth dawns at the climax, "until I hold you in these faithful arms again." With these words crush the letter in the left hand, in which you have been holding it, throw the right hand to your head in despair, and stagger backward. A slight scream would not be too much. Then step forward to your audi-

ence, and with a suggestive smile say, "Thus far she read and toppled over," etc.

ACT II.—The drummer reads the telegram in more of a careless manner. You might give a low whistle after the first sentence. As you conclude reading the dispatch, drop the head, run your fingers into your hair, and say meditatively: "What the dickens did I write her anyway?" Walk up and down the stage meditating, and suddenly break into a laugh as you exclaim, "By Jove! I must have been piling on the taffy," and finish in a gay vein.

ACT III.—She follows her husband into his room. Look at him; let the muscles of the mouth twitch, and finally say, "Well!" Wait as if expecting an answer; and when none comes, make another effort: "What have you to say for yourself?" Her courage at this point is somewhat wavering. The drummer turns his head toward her and says, sarcastically, "I?" The answer comes with more determination, "Yes, you."

In his retort a little later, which closes with the words, "For my part I am not only disgusted but disenchanted," turn away and bow the face in the hands. As the drummer, keep cool and speak calmly but with force; you are playing a part and know your ground; but as the wife, you must appear agitated, nervous, and irritable, which comes to a climax in the response: "But you did not have it." This is her last stroke. Then, as the drummer, you hand the photograph to your wife, as the text suggests.

Her anguish is now at an end. Come forward with extreme animation, throw your arms about your husband's neck, "O darling, forgive me," etc. As the drummer replies with mild but loving reproach, he should look squarely into his wife's eyes, and end on the words "I am innocent," with extreme dignity. Then turn to your audience, and, with a significant smile and shrug of the shoulders, end the selection, "And she believed him!"

## ON THE BEACH.

HE. Belle, I've sought you all the morning;  
 I return to town to-day;  
 Pardon if I give no warning,  
 There is something I must say.

SHE. Sought so long! You must be weary!  
 Are you ill? You look quite pale;  
 When you go life will be dreary!  
 Well, I'm ready for your tale.

HE. I can keep it back no longer.  
 Belle, I need you in my life;  
 Will is strong, but love far stronger;  
 Dear one, will you be my wife?

SHE. Be your wife? Your words seem braver  
 Than they seemed in days of yore;  
 But your love would surely waver  
 Now, as then. Please say no more.

HE. Ah, you jest! Though once I faltered,  
 Failed your heart to comprehend,  
 Never once my feelings altered,  
 Not alone did I offend.

SHE. Was I fickle in those hours?  
 Ah, perhaps 'twas better so;  
 'Mid the score that owned your powers,  
 My poor heart was quite *de trop*!

HE. So it ends, then? I have spoken  
 Words that live until I die;  
 And you smile while hearts are broken!  
 Belle, God bless you, dear! Good-bye!

SHE. Good-bye? I could always tease you!  
    Take my hand before you go;  
And, if it would really please you,  
    Keep it, Jack, for weal or woe.

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## WAR'S SACRIFICE.

---

IT was after the din of the battle  
    Had ceased in the silence and gloom,  
When hushed was the musketry's rattle,  
    And quiet the cannon's deep boom.  
The smoke of the conflict had lifted,  
    And drifted away from the sun,  
While the soft crimson light, slowly fading from sight,  
    Flashed back from each motionless gun.

The tremulous notes of a bugle  
    Rang out on the clear autumn air,  
And the echoes caught back from the mountains  
    Faint whispers, like breathings of prayer.  
The arrows of sunlight that slanted  
    Through the trees touched a brow white as snow,  
On the bloody sod lying 'mid the dead and the dying,  
    And it flushed in the last parting glow.

The dark crimson tide, slowly ebbing,  
    Stained red the light jacket of gray;  
But another in blue sadly knelt by his side  
    And watched the life passing away.  
Said the jacket in gray: "I've a brother—  
    Joe Turner, he lives up in Maine.  
Give him these, and say my last message  
    Was forgiveness." Here a low moan of pain  
Checked his voice. Then: "You'll do me this favor,  
    For you shot me;" and his whispers sank low.  
Said the jacket in blue: "Brother Charley,  
    There's no need, I'm your brother, I'm Joe."

## DAWN ON THE IRISH COAST.

JOHN LOCKE.

**T**H' ANAM THO' DIAH! but there it is,  
The dawn on the hills of Ireland!

God's angels lifting the night's black veil  
From the fair, sweet face of my sire-land!  
O Ireland, isn't it grand you look,  
Like a bride in her rich adornin',  
And with all the pent-up love of my heart  
I bid you the top o' the mornin'.

Ho—ho! upon Cliona's shelving strand,  
The surges are grandly beating,  
And Kerry is pushing her headlands out  
To give us the kindly greeting;  
Into the shore the sea-birds fly  
On pinions that know no drooping;  
And out from the cliffs, with welcome charged,  
A million of waves come trooping.

O, kindly, generous Irish land,  
So leal and fair and loving,  
No wonder the wandering Celt should think  
And dream of you in his roving!  
The alien home may have gems and gold,  
Shadows may never have gloomed it,  
But the heart will sigh for the absent land,  
Where the love-light first illumed it.

And doesn't old Cove look charming there,  
Watching the wild waves' motion,  
Leaning her back against the hills,  
And the tips of her toes in the ocean?  
I wonder I don't hear Shandon's bells!

Ah, maybe their climin's over,  
For it's many a year since I began  
The life of a Western rover.

This one short hour pays lavishly back  
For many a year of mourning;  
I'd almost venture another flight,  
There's so much joy in returning—  
Watching out for the hallowed shore,  
All other attractions scornin';  
O Ireland, don't you hear me shout?  
I bid you the top o' the mornin'.

For thirty summers, *asthore machree*,  
These hills I now feast my eyes on  
Ne'er met my vision, save when they rose  
Over Memory's dim horizon.  
Even so, 'twas grand and fair they seemed  
In the landscape spread before me;  
But dreams are dreams, and my eyes would ope  
To see Texas' skies still o'er me.

An! often upon the Texan plains,  
When the day and the chase were over,  
My thoughts would fly o'er the weary wave,  
And around this coast-line hover;  
And the prayer would rise that, some future day,  
All danger and doubtin's scornin',  
I'd help to win my native land  
The light of young Liberty's mornin'.

Now fuller and truer the shore-line shows—  
Was ever a scene so splendid?  
I feel the breath of the Munster breeze;  
Thank God that my exile's ended.  
Old scenes, old songs, old friends again,  
The vale and cot I was born in!  
O Ireland, up from my heart of hearts  
I bid you the top o' the mornin'!

## PAT'S PERPLEXITY.

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PAT MURPHY had been on a fishing excursion, and after returning to land met one of his friends, who inquired of him what luck he had.

"Oh," he replied, "we had a most illigant time."

"Who were of your party?" asked his friend.

"There wur five of us. There was mesilf, one; two Scrogginses, two; Terry Toole, three; Jim Kasin, four. But there wur five of us, anyhow. Let—me—see. There was Jim Kasin, one; an' Terry Toole, two; an' mesilf, three; an' the two Scrogginses, four. Faith! an' it's strange that I can't remember the fifth man! Now then—there's mesilf, that's one; Jim Kasin, that's two; and the two Scrogginses, that's three; an' Terry Toole, do ye see, that's four; an'—an' may St. Patrick fly away with me if I can find the fifth man, at all, at all!"

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## THIKHED'S NEW YEAR'S CALL.

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M R. THIKHED called on Miss Brightlooks last Monday, and, from the following conversation, must have enjoyed his visit: Said Miss Brightlooks: "I was out in company recently and met three or four strangers."

"Was the president or the treasurer present?" Mr. Thikhed replied.

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Well, you spoke about a company, and as every company has officers, I thought maybe some of them were there."

"Why, I am sure I expressed myself clearly for any ordinary intellect, but if you comprehend my idea better in other language, let me say, as simply as possible, that I was one of a number who had gathered for the purpose of amusement."

"In this you differed from a rolling-stone which does not gather. But you have not told me yet what you gathered. Did you omit a word?"

"No, I didn't and I repeat that we had all assembled to spend a pleasant evening."

"Hadn't you any money?"

"Money! What has that to do with the case?"

"Well, I thought you must have been hard up if you had to spend the evening. It is scarcely to be wondered at, however, so soon after Christmas."

"I had a lovely compliment paid to me on that same occasion."

"Did you receive it in trade dollars or greenbacks?"

"Did I receive what in trade dollars or greenbacks?"

"Why, the compliment, to be sure. You said it was paid to you."

"Well, really, Mr. Thikhed, New Year has had the effect of clouding your brain. What I meant to say was that some one made a very nice remark about me."

"Indeed! What was it made of, silk or satin, or perhaps Maid of Orleans?"

"I don't think there is much use trying to explain matters to you. The more I talk, the less you grasp my thoughts."

"I never take anything that does not belong to me."

"Who said you did?"

"No one in particular; only if I grasped your thoughts, that would be theft, for your thoughts are certainly your own property, even if they are not worth more than a penny."

"You evidently put a low estimate on my mental calibre."

"I am not an appraiser."

"Who said anything about an appraiser?"

"Why, you were speaking about how much I think your brain is worth, and I repeat that I am not in the business of placing values on objects."

Just then the cuckoo cuckooed eleven times, whereupon Miss Brightlooks said: "O Mr. Thikhed, I want to tell you something funny that happened the other evening, but you must promise not to be offended."

"How could I be offended at anything you say?"

"Well, then, I had a gentleman caller, and when he had remained about as late as this, papa called down from upstairs, 'Please ask Mr. Lad-de-dah whether he prefers toast or omelets for breakfast.'"

"Which did he take?"

"He didn't take either; he left just about that time."

"He-he! I didn't see anything comical about the story at first, but now I see the point. The idea of his refusing anything as good as toast or omelets. That was indeed real funny. He-he! Now if the choice had been left to me, I should certainly have taken the omelets."

"Well, I can tell Susan to prepare some and bring them in for you if you like."

"But this isn't breakfast-time!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon; I had forgotten for a moment that it is only a little after eleven."

"Well, I believe I shall have to go. Good-night, Miss Bright-looks."

"Good-night, Mr. Thikhed; see that you don't slip on the ice."

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## MR. AND MRS. POPPERMAN.

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"**M**Y dear," said Mrs. Popperman to her husband one evening,

"I was looking over a bundle of old letters to-day, and I found this one which you wrote to me before we were married, when you were young and sentimental."

"What does it say?"

"I'll read it: 'Sweet idol of my lonely heart: If thou wilt place thy hand in mine and say "Dear love, I'll be thy bride," we'll fly away to some far realm—we'll fly to sunny Italy, and 'neath soft, cerulean skies we'll bask and sing and dream of naught but love. Rich and costly paintings by old masters shall adorn the walls of the castle I'll give thee. Thy bath shall be of milk. A box at the opera shall be at thy command, and royalty shall be thy daily visitor. Sweet strains of music shall lull thee at eventide, and war-

bling birds shall wake thee from thy morning slumber. Dost thou accept? Say yes, and fly with me.' And I flew. But if I had been as fly as I am now, I wouldn't have flown."

"Why not, dear?"

"Why not? Have you done as you promised in that letter? When we were married, did we 'fly to sunny Italy and bask 'neath soft, cerulean skies,' or did we go to Jersey and spend two weeks fishing for eels on the edge of the wharf?"

"Well, yes."

"And how about the pictures? You know very well that every rich and costly painting in this house is a chromo from the tea store."

"Well?"

"Thy bath shall be of milk.' Do I bathe in milk, or isn't it like pulling teeth every morning to get ten cents out of you to buy milk for the baby?"

"Kinder."

"Royalty shall be thy daily visitor.' The only daily visitors I have are the book-agents and clam-peddlers."

"Taint my fault."

"Sweet strains of music shall lull thee at eventide.' The only chance I have to listen to sweet strains of music is when you and I go out walking at night and follow a monkey and hand-organ around the block."

"Oh, I am so sleepy."

"I don't care if you are. Where are the warbling birds you promised me? I hear Mrs. Maginnis's crowing roosters next door every morning. Perhaps they are what you meant."

"Well, never mind."

"But I will mind. I was to have a box at the opera. Where is it? The only time I go to the opera is when you get a bill-poster's tickets to the dime museum."

"It's too bad."

"It is really too bad. And then you said we'd talk and dream of naught but love. Since I married you we've talked and dreamt of naught but rent."

## STREET CRIES.

THE Englishman's waked by the lark,  
 A-singing far up in the sky ;  
 But a damsel with wheel-baritone,  
 Pitched fearfully high,  
 Like a lark in the sky,  
 Wakes me with a screech  
 Of "Horse Red-dee-ee-ech?"

The milkman, he crows in the morn,  
 And then the street cackle begins:  
 Junkman with cow-bells, and fishman with norn,  
 And venders of brushes and pins,  
 And menders of tubs and tins.

"Wash-tubs to mend!" "Tinware to mend!"  
 Oh! who will deliverance send?  
 Hark! that girl is beginning her screech:  
 "Horse—" "—tubs" "Ripe peach—"

Then there's "O--ranges," "Glasstoputin,"  
 And bagpipes, and peddlers, and shams;  
 The hand-organizer is mixing his din  
 With "Strawber—" "Nice sof' clams!"  
 "Wash-tubs to mend," "Tinware to mend!"  
 Oh! Heaven deliverance send!  
 I'd swear if it wasn't a sin,  
 By "—any woo-ood?" "Glasstoputin!"

"Ice-cream!" I'm sure that you do!  
 And madly the whole town is screaming,  
 "Pie apples!" "Shedders!" "Oysters!" and "Blue-  
 Berries!" with "Hot corn all steaming!"  
 "Umbrell's to mend!" My head to meind!  
 How swiftly I'd like to send

To—somewhere—this rackety crew,  
 That keep such a cry and hue  
 Of “Hot—” “Wash-tubs!” and “Pop-  
 Corn balls!”—O corn-bawler, stop!  
 From morning till night the street’s full of hawkers  
 Of “North River shad!” and “Ba-nan-i-yoes!”  
 Of men and women, and little girl squawkers—  
 “Ole hats and boots! Ole clo’es!”  
 “Times, Tribune and Worruld!”  
 “Here’s yer morning Hurrold!”  
 What a confounded din  
 Of “Horse red—” “—toputin!”  
 “Ripe—” “Oysters,” and “Potatoes—” “to mend!”  
 Till the watchman’s late whistle comes in at the end.

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## THE FIREMAN.

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R. T. CONRAD.

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(A recitation in concert for eight girls, dressed in white skirts, red waists, and red caps or turbans.)

**T**HE city slumbers. O’er its mighty walls  
 Night’s dusky mantle, soft and silent, falls ;  
 Sleep o’er the world slow waves its wand of lead,  
 And ready torpors wrap each sinking head.  
 Stilled is the stir of labor and of life ;  
 Hushed is the hum and tranquillized the strife.  
 Man is at rest, with all his hopes and fears :  
 The young forget their sports, the old their cares ;  
 The grave are careless ; those who joy or weep,  
 All rest contented on the arm of sleep.

Sweet is the pillow’d rest of beauty now,  
 And slumber smiles upon her tranquil brow ;  
 Her bright dreams lead her to the moonlit tide,  
 Her heart’s own partner wandering by her side.

'Tis a summer's eve ; the soft gales scarcely rouse  
The low-voiced ripple and the rustling boughs ;  
And faint and far some minstrel's melting tone  
Breathes to her heart a music like its own.

When hark ! oh, horror ! what a crash is there !  
What shriek is that which fills the midnight air ?  
'Tis "*Fire ! FIRE !*" She wakes to dream no more !  
The hot blast rushes through the blazing door ;  
The dim smoke eddies round ; and hark ! that cry :  
" Help ! help ! Will no one aid ? I die—I die !"   
She seeks the casement ; shuddering at its height  
She turns again ; the fierce flames mock her flight ;  
Along the crackling stairs they fiercely play,  
And roar, exulting, as they seize their prey.  
" Help ! help ! Will no one come ?" She says no more,  
But, pale and breathless, sinks upon the floor.  
Will no one save thee ? Yes, there yet is one  
Remains to save, when hope itself is gone ;  
When all have fled, when all but he would fly,  
The fireman comes, to rescue or to die !  
He mounts the stair—it wavers 'neath his tread ;  
He seeks the room, flames flashing round his head ;  
He bursts the door, he lifts her prostrate frame.  
The fire-blast smites him with its stifling breath,  
The falling timbers menace him with death,  
The sinking floors his hurried steps betray,  
And ruin crashes round his desperate way ;  
Hot smoke obscures—ten thousand cinders rise—  
Yet still he staggers forward with his prize.  
He leaps from burning stair to stair. On ! on !  
Courage ! One effort more, and all is won !  
The stair is passed, the blazing hall is braved.  
Still on ! Yet on ! Once more ! Thank Heaven, she's saved.

## HER FIFTEEN MINUTES

TOM MASSON.

AT exactly fifteen minutes to eight  
His step was heard at the garden gate.

And then, with heart that was light and gay,  
He laughed to himself in a jubilant way,

And rang the bell for the maiden trim  
Who'd promised to go to the play with him;

And told the servant, with joyous air,  
To say there was fifteen minutes to spare.

And then for fifteen minutes he sat  
In the parlor dim, and he held his hat,

And waited and sighed for the maiden trim  
Who'd promised to go to the play with him,

Until, as the clock overhead struck eight,  
He muttered : "Great Scott ! it is getting late;"

And took a turn on the parlor floor,  
And waited for fifteen minutes more;

And thought of those seats in the front parquet.  
And midnight came, and the break of day;

That day and the next, and the next one, too,  
He sat and waited the long hours through.

Then time flew on and the years sped by,  
And still he sat, with expectant eye

And lengthening beard, for the maiden trim  
Who'd promised to go to the play with him ;

Until one night, as with palsied hand  
He sat in the chair, for he couldn't stand,

And drummed in an aimless way, she came  
 And opened the door with her withered frame.  
 The moon's bright rays touched the silvered hair  
 Of her who had fifteen minutes to spare.  
 And then in tones that he strained to hear,  
 She spoke, and she said: "Are you ready, dear?"

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## HOW SALVATOR WON.

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ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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[The pronunciation is Sälvā'tör.]

THE gate was thrown open, I rode out alone,  
 More proud than a monarch who sits on a throne.  
 I am but a jockey, but shout upon shout  
 Went up from the people who watched me ride out.  
 And the cheers that rang forth from that warm-hearted crowd  
 Were as earnest as those to which monarch e'er bowed.  
 My heart thrilled with pleasure so keen it was pain  
 As I patted my Salvator's soft silken mane;  
 And a sweet shiver shot from his hide to my hand  
 As we passed by the multitude down to the stand.  
 The great waves of cheering came billowing back,  
 As the hoofs of brave Tenny ran swift down the track;  
 And he stood there beside us, all bone and all muscle,  
 Our noble opponent, well trained for the tussle  
 That waited us there on the smooth, shining course.  
 My Salvator, fair to the lovers of horse,  
 As a beautiful woman is fair to man's sight—  
 Pure type of the thoroughbred, clean limbed and bright,—  
 Stood taking the plaudits as only his due  
 And nothing at all unexpected or new.  
 And then, there before us the bright flag is spread,  
 There's a roar from the grand stand, and Tenny's anead;

At the sound of the voices that shouted "A go!"  
He sprang like an arrow shot straight from the bow.  
I tighten the reins on Prince Charlie's great son,  
He is off like a rocket, the race is begun.  
Half-way down the furlong their heads are together,  
Scarce room 'twixt their noses to wedge in a feather,  
Past grand stand, and judges, in neck-to-neck strife:  
Ah, Salvator, boy! 'tis the race of your life.

I press my knees closer, I coax him, I urge,  
I feel him go out with a leap and a surge ;  
I see him creep on, inch by inch, stride by stride,  
While backward, still backward, falls Tenny beside.  
We are nearing the turn, the first quarter is passed—  
'Twixt leader and chaser the daylight is cast:  
The distance elongates, still Tenny sweeps on,  
As graceful and free-limbed and swift as a fawn.  
His awkwardness vanished, his muscles all strained—  
A noble opponent, well born and well trained.

I glanced o'er my shoulder: hah, Tenny, the cost  
Of that one second's flagging, will be—the race lost ;  
One second's weak yielding of courage and strength,  
And the daylight between us has doubled its length.  
The first mile is covered, the race is *mine*—no!  
For the blue blood of Tenny responds to a blow.  
He shoots through the air like a ball from a gun,  
And the two lengths between us are shortened to one.

My heart is contracted, my throat feels a lump,  
For Tenny's long neck is at Salvator's rump,  
And now with new courage, grown bolder and bolder,  
I see him once more running shoulder to shoulder.  
With knees, hands, and body I press my grand steed;  
I urge him, I coax him, I pray him to heed!  
O Salvator! Salvator! List to my calls,  
For the blow of my whip will hurt both if it falls.

There's a roar from the crowd like the ocean in storm,  
 As close to my saddle leaps Tenny's great form ;  
 One more mighty plunge, and with knee, limb, and hand  
 I lift my horse first by a nose past the stand.  
 We are under the string now—the great race is done—  
 And Salvator, Salvator, Salvator won !

Cheer, hoar-headed patriarchs; cheer loud, I say;  
 'Tis the race of a century witnessed to-day !  
 Though ye live twice the space that's allotted to men,  
 Ye never will see such a grand race again.  
 Let the shouts of the populace roar like the surf,  
 For Salvator, Salvator, king of the turf !

He has rivalled the record of thirteen long years ;  
 He has won the first place in the vast line of peers.  
 'Twas a neck-to-neck contest, a grand, honest race,  
 And even his enemies grant him his place.  
 Down into the dust let old records be hurled,  
 And hang out 2:05 to the gaze of the world !

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## FORTUNE-TELLER AND MAIDEN.

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MRS. MARY L. GADDESS.

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[Costume Recitation.]

GYPSY. **H**ARK ! my maiden, and I'll tell you,  
 By the power of my art,

All the things that ere befell you,  
 And the secret of your heart.

How that you love some one—don't you ?

Love him better than you say ;

Won't you hear me, maiden, won't you,  
 What's to be your wedding-day ?

MAIDEN. Ah ! you cheat with words of honey ;

You tell stories, that you know ;

Where's the husband for my money  
 That I gave you long ago ?

Neither silver, gold, or copper  
 Shall you get this time from me;  
 Where's the husband, tall and proper,  
 That you told me I should see?

GYPSY. Coming still, my maiden, coming,  
 With two eyes as black as sloes;  
 Marching soldierly and humming  
 Gallant love-songs as he goes.

MAIDEN. Get along, you stupid gypsy!  
 I won't have your barrack-beau,  
 Strutting up to me half-topsy,  
 Saucy, with his chin up *so!*

GYPSY. Come, I'll tell you the first letter  
 Of your handsome sailor's name.

MAIDEN. I know every one, that's better,  
 Thank you, gypsy, all the same.

GYPSY. Ha, my maiden, runs your text so?  
 Now I see the die is cast,  
 And the day is Monday next.

MAIDEN. No, gypsy, it was Monday last!

GYPSY. Ah, you cheat; no wonder, maiden,  
 You are smiling bright to-day,  
 Will not heed the gypsy's warning,  
 Turn and proudly go your way;  
  
 For I see a dark-eyed stranger  
 Waiting with his merry smile;  
 'Tis no wonder, dainty lady,  
 He can all your fears beguile.

MAIDEN. Fare ye well, you naughty gypsy!  
 Sailor-lads are not for me,  
 Neither gallant soldier-laddies  
 That you told me I should see.

Somebody was waiting for me  
 With two eyes of bonny blue :  
 He, O gypsy, he, my lover,  
 Has become my lover true.

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## THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE.

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THE wind bloweth wildly; she stands on the shore:  
 She shudders to hear it, and will evermore.  
 The rush of the waves as they rose and they fell—  
 Evermore to her fancy will sound like a knell.

“ When, mother, dear mother, will father return ?  
 His supper is ready, the sticks brightly burn ;  
 His chair is beside them, with dry shoes and coat ;  
 I’m longing to kiss him—oh, where is the boat ?

“ Why does he not come with his fish on his arm ?  
 He must want his supper, he cannot be warm ;  
 I’ll stroke his cold cheek, with his wet hair I’ll play ;  
 I want so to kiss him—oh, why does he stay ? ”

Unheeding the voice of that prattler, she stood  
 To watch the wild war of the tempest and flood ;  
 One little black speck in the distance doth float—  
 ‘Tis her world, ‘tis her life, ‘tis her fisherman’s boat !

Her poor heart beats madly ‘twixt hope and despair,  
 She watches his boat with a wild, glassy stare ;  
 Ah ! ‘tis hid beneath torrents of silvery spray,  
 Ah ! ‘tis buried ‘neath chasms that yawn for their prey.

Over mountains of horrible waves it is tossed,  
 It is far—it is near ; it is safe—it is lost !  
 The proud waves of ocean, unheeding, rush on,  
 But alas ! for the little black speck—it is gone !

Oh, weep for the fisherman's boat, but weep more  
For the desolate woman who stands on the shore!  
She flies to her home with a shrill cry of pain—  
To that home where her loved one returns not again.

All night she sits speechless, her child weeping near,  
But no sob shakes her bosom, her eyes feel no tear;  
In heart-broken, motionless, stupid despair,  
She sits gazing on at his coat and his chair.

Hark! a click of the latch—a hand opens the door;  
'Tis a step: her heart leaps—'tis his step on the floor!  
He stands there before her, all dripping and wet,  
But his smile and his kiss have warm life in them yet.

He is here, he is safe, though his boat is a wreck;  
He sinks in his chair, while her arms clasp his neck,  
And a sweet little voice in his ear whispers this:  
"Do kiss me, dear father, I long for a kiss!"

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## LE MAUVAIS LARRON.

---

GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

---

THE moorland waste lay hushed in the dusk of the second day,  
Till a shuddering wind and shrill moaned up through the twilight gray;  
Like a wakening wraith it rose from the grave of the buried sun,  
And it whirled the sand by the tree (there was never a tree but one);  
But the tall, bare bole stood fast, unswayed with the mad wind's stress,  
And a strong man hung thereon in his pain and his nakedness.  
His feet were nailed to the wood, and his arms strained over his head;  
"Twas the dusk of the second day, and yet was the man not dead.

The cold blast lifted his hair, but his limbs were set and stark,  
And under their heavy brows his eyes stared into the dark;  
He looked out over the waste, and his eyes were as coals of fire,  
Lit up with anguish and hate, and the flame of a strong desire.

The dark blood sprang from his wounds, the cold sweat stood on  
his face,  
For over the darkening plain came a rider riding apace.  
Her rags flapped loose in the wind; the last of the sunset glare  
Flung dusky gold on her brow and her bosom broad and bare.  
She was haggard with want and woe, on a jaded steed astride,  
And still, as it staggered and strove, she smote on its heaving side,  
Till she came to the limbless tree where the tortured man hung  
high—  
A motionless, crooked mass on a yellow streak in the sky.

“ ‘Tis I—I am here, Antoine—I have found thee at last,” she said;  
“ Oh, the hours have been long, but long! and the minutes as drops  
of lead.  
Have they trapped thee, the full-fed floek, thou wert wont to harry  
and spoil?  
Do they laugh in their town secure o'er their measures of wine and  
oil?  
Ah, God! that these hands might reach where they loll in their  
rich array;  
Ah, God! that they were but mine, all mine, to mangle and slay!  
How they shuddered and shrank, erewhile, at the sound of thy very  
name,  
When we lived as the gray wolves live, whom torture nor want may  
tame.  
And thou but a man! and still a seurge and a terror to men,  
Yet only my lover to me, my dear, in the rare days then.  
O years of revel and love! ye are gone as the wind goes by:  
He is snared and shorn of his strength, and the anguish of hell  
have I!

“ I am here, O love, at thy feet; I have ridden far and fast  
 To gaze in thine eyes again, and to kiss thy lips at the last.”  
 She rose to her feet and stood upright on the gaunt mare’s back,  
 And she pressed her full red lips to his, that were strained and  
 black.

“ Good-night, for the last time now—good-night, beloved, and  
 good-bye—”

And his soul fell into the waste between a kiss and a sigh.

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## “YOU GIT UP!”

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JOE KERR.

---

THERE’S lots of folks that has good times,  
 There’s lots that never does;  
 But the ones that don’t like morning naps  
 Is the meanest ever wuz.  
 It’s very nice to eat a meal  
 With pie for its wind-up;  
 “Tain’t half so sweet ‘s th’ nap pa spoils  
 When he yells: “ You git up!”

I’d rether lay in bed and snooze  
 Jest one small minit more,  
 In the morning when the sunshine  
 Comes a-creeping o’er the floor,  
 Then to go to Barnum’s circus or  
 To own a bull-dog pup.  
 The meanest thing pa ever said  
 Wuz: “ Come now—you git up!”

I like to go in swimming,  
 And I like to play base-ball;  
 I like to fight and fly a kite,  
 ’N’ I sometimes like to bawl;

But them there forty winks of sleep  
 Pa tries to interrup'  
 Is better'n' all. It breaks my heart  
 When pa yells: " You git up!"

I'd stand the hurt and ache and pain  
 And all the smart and itch  
 Of having him turn the bed-clothes down  
 To wake me with a switch,  
 Ef he 'ud on'y jest go'way  
 And let me finish up  
 The nap I started jest before  
 He yelled out: " You git up!"

You bet when I git growed up big  
 Es rich 'n' old es pa,  
 'N' never haf to go to school,  
 Nor work nor stand no jaw,  
 I'll sleep all night and all day too,  
 And only just git up  
 When I git 'nough sleep to suit me,  
 Ef all the *world* yells: " You git up!"

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## THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.

---

ROBERTSON TROWBRIDGE.

---

IN the brave old days of the Table Round  
 There lived a knight of illustrious fame,  
 Who cherished a passion most profound,  
 A truly romantic, chivalric flame,  
 For a proud and beautiful lady.  
 And she—accepted it all as her due,  
 The knightly devotion so tender, so tried;  
 But when for her love he ventured to sue,  
 "Who seeketh to woo me, must win me!" replied  
 This most discouraging lady.

“Sir knight, you must wander a year and a day;  
 You must seek for adventures beyond the seas;  
 You must enter a castle enchanted, and slay  
 Three dragons. And, having disposed of these,  
 You may *then* come back for your lady!”

So the good knight went, as in duty bound.  
 He wandered many a weary mile;  
 Adventures enough and to spare he found,  
 And he met and braved them all in a style  
 That would quite have delighted the lady.

Castle and dragons, he found them too,  
 And settled their fate with small delay;  
 In short, he carried the program through  
 To the last poor end of the year and a day.  
 But he never came back for the lady!

Fair maiden, whose lover brave and true  
 Goes forth, at your word, to seek a name,  
 Or honors, or riches, or rank for you;  
 Take care! for perhaps he may do the same,  
 And gain the place, and the wealth, and the fame,  
 But come not back for the lady!

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## LEGEND OF THE WILLOW-PATTERN PLATE.

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**L**I-CHI was a maiden with nothing to do  
 But to sit still and dream, or sip tea (without cream),  
 Or give ear to the coo of her doves (there were two),  
 Or eat sweetmeats, her fondness for which was extreme.

Her pa was a mandarin, wealthy and great,  
 And pompous withal, a position so big held he;  
 His house and estate may be seen in the plate,  
 Though portrayed in a style somewhat higgledy piggledy.

The trees, some like feathers and some like piled stones,  
 Are quite a burlesque of the science of botany;  
 For Hooker would swear by Linnæus's bones  
 That like them in nature there surely are not any.

How like a bird's claw spreads the uncovered root  
 Of the comical willow! But queerest of trees is  
 The one on the right, from whose waving arms shoot,  
 Not leaves, but great puddings, as round as Dutch cheeses.

But perhaps it's too bad to make fun of old crockery  
 (A lengthy digression's undoubtedly wrong);  
 And our story still less is a subject for mockery:  
 It *is* so pathetic, though not very long.

A young man named Chang, with a lovely pigtail,  
 Kept the mandarin's books of receipts and expenses;<sup>1</sup>  
 And Li-Chi at his step would turn red and then pale,  
 And a general commotion would steal o'er her senses.

For when a young lady has nothing to do  
 But to sit still and dream, as related above,  
 The chances at least are as twenty to two  
 That her favorite dream is of falling in love.

And their eyes having met—how or why they knew not—  
 As she sat in a balcony fondling a kitten,  
 Li-Chi was enamored of Chang on the spot,  
 And Chang, in like manner, with Li-Chi was smitten.

What happened was quickly suspected, because  
 Li-Chi every day grew more pensive and “moony;”  
 And Chang couldn't long hide the fact that he was  
 What the unsympathetic are apt to call “spoony.”

With blushes as soft as the tints of the dawn are,  
 She heard his fond vows—but, unluckily, so did  
 Her pa, who then chanced to be just round the corner;  
 And on Chang, with a bang, his displeasure exploded.

Said he, in deep tones, like the sound of a gong,  
 " These fine goings-on I object to *in toto* !  
 What next ? Go along ! Get you hence to Hong-Kong !  
 Or (the farther the better) the moon you may go to!"

But as that destination was not to his mind,  
 Chang fled to his own island home with his fair one;  
 (A view of it, drawn in the pattern, you'll find,  
 Close to where the horizon would be, if there were one).

This hearing, the mandarin, snatching a whip,  
 Up and down his domains began wildly to tear about;  
 His mustache (that had hung like rats' tails from his lip)  
 Bristling up at an angle of forty or thereabout.

Then, with language profane, and with threats of the cane  
 Applied in the manner they call *bastinado*,  
 He went in pursuit of Li-Chi and her swain—  
 What less could a parent who would be obeyed do ?

Now the conjurer's art and eleetro-biology,  
 And such things, are wondrous and strange ; but you'll see it is  
 A fact, if you'll turn to your heathen mythology,  
 That they're fairly outdone by the tricks of the deities.

Only think of the self-transformations of Jove  
 (Who, if mortal, I fear would be thought a sad dog),  
 When, in search of adventures, he sometimes would rove  
 Far from heaven, and wanted to travel *incog.* !

So the gods, looking down through the gathering mists  
 At eve, saw the lovers, whose plight so concerned them  
 That, to shield them in peace from the mandarin's fists,  
 They graciously into two turtle-doves turned them !

At the top of the pattern you'll find them depicted,  
 Each with two pairs of wings ; but you're left to imagine  
 The kicks upon innocent people inflicted,  
 And the uproar the mandarin vented his rage in.

And of such a surprising romance of devotion

As the quaint Chinese pattern's designed to perpetuate,  
You'll freely confess that you hadn't a notion,  
When last off a plate of a blue-willow set you ate.

## MY LOVE.

MY love (dear man!) turns in his toes,  
My love is tangled-kneed,  
Cross-eyed, left-handed, hair and beard  
In hue are disagreed;  
He has no soft and winning voice,  
No single charm has he;  
And yet this awkward, ugly man  
Is all the world to me.

My neighbor Gay rejoices in  
A beauty of a man:  
Straight-limbed, fair-faced, and find his peer  
She knows no mortal can.  
I look upon his handsome form  
And own 'tis fine to see;  
But turn back to the homely man  
Who's all the world to me.

There's Mrs. Flirt and Mrs. Chat,  
Each with their cavalier;  
They smile and wonder how I can  
Call such a fright "my dear."  
But it is just as strange, I think,  
How they can happy be  
Without my homely man, for he  
Is all the world to me.

Don't ask me why, I cannot tell;  
 'Tis all as mystery;  
 I've sought myself a thousand times  
 Its secret history.  
 Meanwhile, my heart grows sad to think  
 How drear this world would be  
 Without this awkward, homely man  
*Who's all the world to me.*

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## CAUGHT.

K. E. BARRY.

THEY were sitting by the fireside,  
 On a very frosty night,  
 And their heads were close together,  
 And they talked of—well—the weather,  
 Or, perhaps—the “Injun” fight.

As their chat grew more engrossing  
 Near and nearer yet he drew,  
 Till her fair hair brushed his shoulder,  
 And in trembling tones he told her  
 Of the—sorrows of the Sioux.

Then he put his arms about her  
 In the dimly lighted room,  
 And they saw naught but each other,  
 Never heard her bad, small brother  
 Stealing softly through the gloom,

Till a flash dispelled the darkness,  
 And a shrill voice cried with glee:  
 “Caught your photo—you and sister;  
 Pa will like to know you kissed her—  
 Buy the negative from me?”

## CATCHING THE CAT.

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

THE mice had been in council;  
 They all looked haggard and worn;  
 For the state of things was too terrible  
 To be any longer borne.

Not a family out of mourning;  
 There was crape on every hat;  
 They were desperate; something must be done,  
 And done at once, to the cat.

An elderly member rose and said:  
 "It might prove a possible thing  
 To set the trap which they set for us—  
 That one with the awful spring."

The suggestion was applauded  
 Loudly by one and all,  
 Till somebody squeaked: "That trap would be  
 About ninety-five times too small."

Then a medical mouse suggested,  
 A little under his breath,  
 They should confiscate the very first mouse  
 That died a natural death,

And he'd undertake to poison the cat  
 If they'd let him prepare that mouse.

"There's not been a natural death," they shrieked,  
 "Since the cat came into the house."

The smallest mouse in the council  
 Arose with a solemn air,  
 And by way of increasing his stature  
 Rubbed up his whiskers and hair.

He waited, until there was silence  
All along the pantry shelf,  
And then he said with dignity:  
“I will catch the cat myself!

“When next I hear her coming,  
Instead of running away,  
I shall turn and face her boldly,  
And pretend to be at play.

“She will not see her danger,  
Poor creature, I suppose;  
But as she stoops to catch me—  
I shall catch her by the nose!”

The mice began to look hopeful,  
Yes, even the old ones; when  
A gray-haired sage said, slowly:  
“And what will you do with her then?”

The champion, disconcerted,  
Replied with dignity: “Well—  
I think, if you’ll all excuse me,  
’Twould be wiser not to tell.

“We all have our inspirations,”  
(This produced a general smirk,)  
“But we are not all at liberty  
To explain just how they work.

“I ask you, then, to trust me;  
You need have no further fears;  
Consider the enemy done for.”  
The council gave three cheers.

“I do believe she’s coming,”  
Said a small mouse nervously;  
“Run, if you like,” said the champion,  
“But I shall wait and see.”

And sure enough she was coming.  
 The mice all scampered away,  
 Except the noble champion  
 Who had made up his mind to stay.

The mice had faith (of course they had!)—  
 They were all of them noble souls,—  
 But a sort of general feeling  
 Kept them safely in their holes,

Until some time in the evening,  
 When the boldest ventured out,  
 And saw happily in the distance  
 The cat prance gaily about.

There was dreadful consternation,  
 Till some one at last said: “Oh!  
 He’s not had time to do it;  
 Let us not prejudge him so.”

“I believe in him, of course I do,”  
 Said the nervous mouse, with a sigh;  
 “But the cat looks uncommonly happy,  
 And I wish I did know why.”

The cat, I regret to mention,  
 Still prances about that house;  
 And no message, letter, or telegram  
 Has come from the champion mouse.

The mice are a little discouraged,  
 The demand for crape goes on;  
 They feel they’d be happier if they knew  
 Where the champion mouse had gone.

This story has a moral;  
 It is very short, you see,  
 So no one, of course, will skip it  
 For fear of offending me:

It is well to be courageous  
And valiant and all that;  
But if you are mice,  
You'd better think twice  
Before you catch the cat.

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## A LEGEND OF ARABIA.

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LONG the oasis the slender palms  
Stretched their clear shadows, till the fierce red sun  
Dropped suddenly behind the shifting hills,  
And all fell prostrate, then, in silent prayer.  
Now, busy preparations for the night—  
Unburdening the gaunt, weird camel's load,  
Pitching the flapping tents, while over all  
Arose the oval of the moon ineffable.  
Silent, with fragrant pipes, the circle sat  
And listened to the story-teller's lore  
In the strange golden light, intense as flame,  
That made another and a deeper day.

There was a youth, he said, utterly base.  
Ere he could speak he tortured gentle beasts,  
Deprived the patient camel of its food,  
And made the children fear him in their play.  
Wily as the hyena in his lies,  
Untamable as lions of the waste,  
He drew too many after him, as winds  
Draw the long reaches of the desert sands.  
As he grew older, speech could never tell  
His vices; he became the village scourge,  
The byword; every lip was curled at him;  
Disgust and fear looked on him as he passed.

Ere he became a man he was accursed,  
Till all the tribe met solemnly one day

To try the criminal; then drive him forth  
From out their company, a wanderer.  
They sat in grave judicial eircle there,  
Hushed for a while, and in the midst he stood,  
To hear his sentence—he, the vile, the lost  
From the revered assemblage of his kin.  
Then rose an ancient and gray-bearded man,  
Accusing him of despicable crimes;  
Another followed, heaping on his head  
Words of intolerable mockery.

Calm, low, and bitter, then, his brother spake;  
Eaeh rose in turn and told his black disgrace;  
His father thundered forth his hideous shame,  
And all the elders of his family.  
“Why, then,” exclaimed the musical, deep voice  
Of the old sheik, “shall we not drive him forth  
Into the desert, there to dwell alone  
With brutes, whose brother he has learned to be?”

“Why not?” exclaimed a voice, and forward sprang  
His mother, pale and passionate. “Why not?  
He is my child! This horror shall not be!  
There still is life, is hope, for he is young!  
It cannot be that I have born a fiend;  
And if a devil hath possessed my boy,  
Love may yet drive it forth! A miracle  
May yet be wrought for him. There yet is time!  
Will ye not wait? Will ye be patient yet  
A little while? Have I not waited long,  
And borne the torture and the misery,  
Aye! the chief burden of this weight of grief?  
Hoping, still hoping, through the weary years;  
Hoping, still hoping, even now when ye  
Would drive him forth, ye holy, from your sight,  
Would scourge him to the desert, there to die.

Wait ! wait another year ! another month !  
Another day ! Your faces are all hard;  
Your eyes are cruel. He shall not go forth !  
Or if he goes, I go and follow him !”

The boy, for he was little more, stood by,  
His wild eyes on his mother as she fell  
Prone, supplicating, fainting in the dust,  
While one dry sob burst from her burdened heart.  
Then he, too, knelt, who never yet had knelt,  
And humbly prayed for still one trial more.  
His face was changed, his eyes were dim with tears;  
He took his mother's hand, and raised her up.  
Deep grew the silence of that company;  
They gave no sentence, but each man arose  
And quietly stole forth, and left them there  
Alone in the tribunal, uncondemned.  
And in that self-same hour was her reward;  
Then came the miracle she waited for,  
The strange new birth, the spirit's morning star;  
Her faith had saved him, and the end was—peace !

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## CLEOPATRA'S PROTEST.

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EDWARD LIVINGSTON KEYES.

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COME nearer, my spotted leopard, and cool with your tongue  
my hand.  
I am faint with a fitful fever, and filled with a fancy grand;  
Lie close to my side, and lend me your passion that poison taints,  
While I ponder the perjured picture the world of your mistress  
paints ;  
The features and life it has painted and chiselled and molded and  
sung  
Of Egypt's Cleopatra in every land and tongue ;

On canvas, erystal, ehina, in bronze and brass and gold ;  
In malachite and marble, on coins and medals old ;  
In verse and prose and ballad, in history manifold,  
The face and life of Egypt's queen are drawn and cárved and told.  
In this galaxy of artists, in this gallery of art,  
Where chisel, brush, and pen have vied to do their perjured part,  
I see no shade nor shadow, no sign nor semblance see,  
Of her who stood at Actium with Roman Antony !  
I fail to find the features, the force or spirit bold,  
Of her who sailed the Cydnus in her galley wrought in gold ;  
In the character they give me I trace no sign nor mood  
Of hers, who chose destruction to a life of servitude ;  
Who bared her bosom proudly and perished like a queen,  
Preferring death to Cæsar, and the grave to Roman spleen !  
But I see the spiteful venom that guided steel and hand,  
That tarnished as it tinted, and poisoned as it planned.  
I see the jealous envy that shaped each curve and turn  
Of chisel, brush, and pencil ; but naught of truth discern ;  
And I see what they have made me, I cannot help but see,  
For what the senseless stone omits is found in history.  
The seal they set upon me of sumptuous sin and shame,  
They stole from frail Aspasia's brow and Grecian Phryne's name.  
I see the perjured picture ! I see the wanton vile  
They show for Cleopatra—"the serpent of the Nile ;"  
And the eager world in earnest the lying trick respects,  
And down through coming ages the truthful type rejects ;  
But I scorn to see the semblance in the picture that they draw  
Of her who held Rome captive, and whose wish was Egypt's law !  
I would bid them go remember, that she whom they revile  
Spurned, the love of laurelled Cæsar, when he sought her by the  
Nile,  
And offered fame and station, and the sovereignty of Rome,  
If she would yield the conquest, and say she was his own !  
That she sent him back, with others, in their regal robes uninanned,  
Who had eome as hopeful suitors for Cleopatra's hand,  
And bade them lay their treasures at the feet of one more free

Than the spouse of Rome's Triumvir—the God-like Antony !  
 I would tell them that the pious prude, Octavia, whom they raise  
 Upon the highest pinnacle of purity and praise,  
 Is not worthy of the worship they offer at her shrine,  
 For she was never Antony's ; he always had been mine !  
 He took her from her regal home to carry out his part,  
 But never to his bosom, and never to his heart;  
 And all, all, all of Antony this haughty dame can claim  
 Is the sacrifice he offered when he gave to her his name !  
 I would tell them that Octavia knew his spirit and his heart,  
 His life, his soul, his destiny, his mind, his every part  
 Was moored upon the Nilus, together with mine own,  
 Before he ever saw her—by Caesar's wish alone.

And she knew the gods of Egypt had smiled serenely down  
 On the union of Rome's consul with Egypt's starry crown !  
 I would tell them she they blemished with the brand of sin and  
 shame  
 Would have scorned to call him husband who gave alone his name !  
 And had that haughty Roman dame the spirit of a dove,  
 She'd have sent him back to Egypt, to her who owned his love.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am weary ; leave me, leopard ! you cannot change your skin,  
 Nor I the haughty spirit I showed to all save him.  
 And I thank the gods of Egypt for their mercy which was shown  
 In giving me Mark Antony for all, all, all mine own !  
 And I thank the god of waters for yielding me the tide  
 That flooded old Nile's bosom, where we rode side by side ;  
 And to those who call me "sorceress," and "serpent of the Nile,"  
 And to those who dubbed me "tigress," and everything that's vile,  
 I would say your shafts fell harmless, for we were wholly one,  
 And when the pulse of one did cease, the other's life had run.  
 So I banish bitter feelings for all who did malign,  
 For 'twas but human nature to envy bliss like mine ;  
 And I rain forgiveness on them in pearly perfumed showers,  
 And tell them that the western world knew naught of love like  
 ours,

## TRIED.

LULAH RAGSDALE.

IN the chamber anext me the corpses sleep,  
 And the maidens are making them sweet with flow'rs,  
 And the watchers wait, and the mourners weep,  
 And I—keep count of the hours.

It seemeth a year since the sun burned low,  
 And the lamps began in that faint, pale way  
 To flicker athwart those sheets that show  
 The shapes that they overlay.

It is scarcely a year since the morn I wed  
 My lady, with face like an April bloom,  
 And hair like a glory about her head,  
 And breath like a spring perfume.

My brother—there were of us but the twain,—  
 He of the brow like a polished stone,  
 Wheron there has fallen no shadow nor stain,  
 Nor blemish nor line is shown.

My brother grew grave on my bridal day ;  
 He was young, he was tender, men loved to swear ;  
 And he said with a sigh, in his gentle way :  
 “ This lady is very fair.

“ Scarce but a child by the count of her years,  
 Albeit she shineth so stately white ;  
 And thy face bears witness of time and tears,  
 Sad day and dolorous night.

“ Thy heart has been wedded to dreary lore,  
 From the time when thou shouldst have laughed like me :  
 And thou art content when the wild nights roar  
 Round our castle ancar the sea.

“ But she will be frightened and lone and chilled  
In the desolate dimness of this old place;  
In this ghostly silence her laugh 'll be stilled,  
Thy winter will blight her face.”

The flowers bloomed sweet at the altar shrine,  
And the taper lights poured an amber tide,  
The day that I wed; but that lady of mine  
Was pale as a statue bride.

From the day that she entered the castle hall,  
She smiled not left, and she laughed not right ;  
But a glister chill as a snowy pall  
Turned her brow and bosom white.

From my study, I marked her once on a day,  
Out in the lilies, her book above  
Lean over the pages, and twice, thrice lay  
Her lips to the lines, with love.

I searched that book, for I fain had learned  
To gain a kiss such as it could claim.  
I found the tale by the leaf down turned—  
On its margin my brother's name.

That even I said those lines in my talk  
As I passed those two, and she paled to snow,  
In the shine of the moon down the lily walk,  
Where she paced with him to and fro.

In the dusk of the study another day,  
I found them standing, and all was hushed;  
Save that she sobbed in a low, hurt way,  
And her hand in his lay crushed.

So this was the secret of things I swore,  
My brother was young, and my lady was fair;  
Both false! though a saint's brow this one wore,  
The other had angel's hair.

At the wine and the play one night, when hot,  
 My temples throbbed with their wonted ache ;  
 Of a drug, kept dark in an ancient spot,  
 One of the players spake.

I sought that place for the potent cure ;  
 A wizened alchemist let me in  
 To his low, damp cell, on a strreet obscure,  
 Remote from the dust and din.

Scanning his labelless potions o'er,  
 His withered hands, from a secret nook—  
 First noting that he had barred the door—  
 A drop in a phial took.

“ Ay ! many the poisons that men have tried,  
 But this is the surest,” he said to me ;  
 “ And strange are the deaths false women have died ;  
 This brings the strangest,” said he.

“ ’Tis only used on the mouth, and then  
 If that mouth be kept for a night or a day,  
 Free from the press of the lips of men,  
 The strength of it passeth away.

“ But pour it over a passioned lip,  
 And let the crush of a heated kiss  
 Warm the drug to its work, that sip  
 Brings death as certain as bliss.”

“ I would prove my love is the purest wed,  
 She shall use your poison, and yet not die.”  
 “ ’Tis the only drop in the world,” he said.  
 “ The sorer my need !” said I.

As I reached the castle the sun went down ;  
 I swear that her face was as pink as a rose,  
 And bright with smiling ; I said, ’tis her gown,  
 Or the flush that the sunset throws.

I sought her chamber at dead of night,  
That smile and that blush had not yet gone ;  
She lay in a halo of silver light,  
And her brow like an angel's shone.

I fell on my knees at her moon-bathed feet :  
" Jesu, the Pitiful ! prove her but mine ; "  
I poured my tears on her bosom sweet,  
On her lips that poison fine.

I rose with the first wan light of day,  
Across the garden her gown I traced,  
Gleaming white thro' that silent gray ;  
Her lilies I crushed in haste.

Lying among them with upturned face,  
I found her as cold and crushed as any ;  
But what if one finds in a garden place  
Some broken among the many ?

A second path through the blooms I made  
To seek my brother ; he slept as yet.  
One quiet thrust of a keen, cold blade,  
And their speeding souls had met.

And then I fell with a sudden pain ;  
A thousand agonies seized on me,  
And tore and knotted each throbbing vein,  
Till I could not hear nor see.

When the spasms had ended, I found me here,  
Already those two they were shrouding there ;  
And her maid was telling, with many a tear,  
This tale as she smoothed her hair :

" My lady arose before it was day,  
Her husband, my lord, still soundly slept ;  
And into the room where he always lay,  
Like a spirit in white she crept.

“I wondering watched as I saw her slip,  
 And over his pillow lean low, and weep,  
 And kiss him, his brow, and hair, and lip,  
 And start as he stirred in sleep.

“And oft have I heard her through nights of old,  
 From her lattice lean toward the stars above,  
 And weep that her lord was strange and cold,  
 And she could not win his love.

“His brother, ay ! he was her brother too,  
 For often his comforting words I heard,  
 And he meant to chide with my lord, I knew,  
 But some thief hath stolen that word.”

’Tis the surest poison that men have made,  
 But even death scorned me, let me go;  
 Or sleeping the power of the drug I stayed,  
 Or her angel willed it so.

But I think, had I waked 'tween the dark and the gray  
 To the touch of her lips, I had been forgiven;  
 Had I kissed, as she kissed me at dawning of day,  
 We had gone together to heaven.

### HER PREFERENCE.

THEY stood on the beach by the billowy sea,  
 And it seemed that the swift hours raced;  
 For he was in love and so was she,  
 And his arm was around her waist.

“Oh, how I wish that we owned a yacht,”  
 Said he, in a wistful tone.  
 “How happy we’d be, and how bright our lot,  
 As we sailed o'er the seas alone.”

It was time right then, as it seemed to her,  
 Her preference to avow;  
 “For my part,” said she, “I think I’d prefer  
 A wee little smack just now.”

## A JAPANESE WEDDING.

## A BIT OF PANTOMIME.

*Arranged by Sara S. Rice.*

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

## GO-BETWEEN.

GROOM.	BRIDE.
GROOM'S FATHER.	BRIDE'S FATHER.
GROOM'S MOTHER.	BRIDE'S MOTHER.
MAIDS, COLORED.	MAIDS, WHITE.
WHITE ROBE.	COLORED ROBE.
COLORED ROBE.	WHITE ROBE.
WHITE ROBE.	COLORED ROBE.
RIGHT.	LEFT.

*Announcement to be made just before the Pantomime.*

IT is thought that a few words of explanation of this oriental wedding may help you to enjoy its festivities better ; and as our object is to give you pleasure, as well as add to our treasury, we will run over its outlines very hastily. First of all, it is very unlike our own beautiful Christian ceremony, as there is no priest or minister to ask God's blessing on the bridal pair, and never a word spoken during the whole ceremony. Everything is done by a person called a "Go-Between," a woman who acts the part of bridesmaid, priest, and general mistress of ceremonies ; although in the higher castes of society the bride is also attended by eight of her young friends, who correspond to the bridesmaids of our ceremony. Instead of preceding the bride, as with us, they enter after she has taken a raised seat prepared for her and the groom, and the parents of both, and, as they enter, they prostrate themselves with the most reverential salaams in front of the bride and the parents.

The ceremony is largely made up of drinking a great many cups of tea, their favorite beverage. The eatables are small rice-balls, which no one eats till all are served, and then all eat at once ; and if the noise they make in eating is an indication of their relish, they must have appetites which we Americans know nothing of ! The bride's parents seem of little account at the wedding compared with those of the groom. There are only two presents made to the bride, and these by the groom's father and mother,—each a lacquer box filled with jewels ; the one thought being to decorate the person. The pledge which binds the happy pair together is made in

the faintest whisper by the bridegroom to the "Go-between," who delivers it to the bride in the same mysterious manner that she receives it from the groom. The duties of the bridesmaids seem to be to keep up a wonderful show of reverence on the occasion, as they are kept a good share of the time on their knees.

The black patches observed on the foreheads of the ladies are marks of the highest caste among Japanese ladies, and no one else dares to put on the highly ornamental black patch.

At the time of drinking, you will notice that they look intently into the bottom of their cups after draining the last drop. This is to see the image of the "God of Love," which is in the wedding-cup of every truly happily wedded pair. The ceremony concludes with the bride and groom drinking at the same time from a two-spouted teapot, which act declares to the assembled party that they will henceforth and forever live in peace and harmony, as husband and wife; and we are creditably informed that the vow is seldom broken.

This is said to be a correct representation of a Japanese wedding, and is vouched for by a lady who was for years a resident of Japan, and herself witnessed the ceremony.

First, enter the groom's father and mother, then the parents of the bride, and take their seats, which are raised. Both enter from the right of stage, the men preceding their wives, followed not too closely by Go-Between, and close behind her the bride and groom, who together make a salaam, first to his father, and then rising, turn, and make one to her father. Go-Between steps forward from one side, takes bride by both hands and seats her, making at the same time a very low bow, groom sitting down at the same time. The bridesmaids now enter by pairs, one from either side of stage, one wearing a colored costume and one a white. They advance nearly to centre of stage, bow very low to each other, then together approach bride and groom, making a profound salaam, then to groom's parents, then to bride's parents, rising between each salaam. They then take the places on each side of the bridal party, kneel, and sit back on their heels, remaining so during ceremony. But one pair enter at a time, the next following as soon as the preceding pair have taken their places.

Salaams are made by kneeling and touching the forehead to the floor very slowly and deliberately. Bows and salaams are all returned by the bridal party with a slight bow.

The Go-Between then goes out, and returns bringing a small table, with two-spouted teapot, and places in front of bride and groom ; she again retires and returns with small tray containing three small cups and a small teapot. She pours first for the groom, who drinks from all three cups, laying head back and draining last drop, looking intently into each emptied cup, the last time showing to the bride with joyful expression, having found the god of love. Go-Between then pours three cups for bride, who goes through the same motions. Go-Between pours and hands each cup in turn, three cups for groom's father, who drinks in same manner and shows his wife ; then the bride's father does the same. Next, she pours one cup for each bridesmaid, who drains last drop, looks attentively therein, but does not show it.

Go-Between carries tray out, returns, makes a salaam to the groom, then rises while he whispers his vow in her ear. Go-Between steps in front of bride and groom, who rise ; bridesmaids with one accord touch their foreheads to the floor and remain so while Go-Between, closely followed by bride and groom, pass off the stage to the right. As soon as they are out of sight, maids sit back on their heels as before and remain until Go-Between and the bride and groom pass behind curtain at the back of the stage, and re-appear at the left side of stage, when they again touch foreheads to the floor, and remain so until bride and groom take their places as before, being seated by Go-Between. The bride has before kept her head bent and veil down ; but now she sits on the other side of groom, with head up and veil thrown back, but with her back turned to the groom, facing his father, showing that she has entered his family.

Go-Between retires, returns with table and tray containing one cup and teapot, placing it in front of groom's father, and takes her place behind bride and groom. Groom's father pours a cup of tea and drinks it ; bride does the same. He pours and drinks once more, and presents lacquer box, which she accepts with low bow, neither rising. Go-Between retires, brings in a tray of rice-balls (cocoanut drops), which she passes first to groom, second to bride, third to groom's parents, fourth to bride's parents, then to maids, none eating till all are served ; then begin eating, each one smack-

ing and making all possible noise with lips. Go-Between goes out with tray, returns while rest are eating and takes her position behind bride and groom. When through eating, groom's father pours a cup of tea, drinks part, and hands to bride to finish. Then groom's mother gives her present in lacquer box, which is likewise received with a low bow. Go-Between, still standing behind them, lifts two-spouted teapot, holds it between bride and groom, who take three drinks from it together. Of course this can only be done by making a pretense of drawing it through the spouts. Go-Between removes table from before groom's father, returns and leads bride and groom from stage, maids bowing as before and keeping foreheads down till all but themselves are off the stage. As soon as Go-Between and bride and groom are out of sight, groom's parents follow, then bride's parents, after which maids all arise, advance, one couple at a time, bow low to each other, turn and leave the stage.

A call-bell is of service in telling the maids just when to rise. By kneeling and putting the toes together, one can sit on the heels a long time without fatigue.

The ladies wear silk handkerchiefs around their necks, as many chain bracelets as can be had, except the bride, who must be in pure white. The hair is fixed as nearly as possible like the figures on fans. All are powdered white, with spots of rouge on cheek-bones and chin; cover your eyebrows with very thin white court-plaster, and mark the oblique eyebrows in cork. Drooping long mustaches are for the gentlemen. Dress the stage with fans, screens, etc., to represent Japanese interior. A slow march played behind the scenes during the ceremony will assist the performers. The ladies chosen should be dark and of low stature. Those wearing yellow vests belong to the mother-in-law; the buff robe to the Go-Between. To remove the shoes makes the salaams much easier. By practice the two bridesmaids can move as one; standing shoulder to shoulder will help very much in this particular. The chairs for the bride and groom should be high; for the others, soap-boxes set on end and covered with drapery answer nicely. Go-Between stands. The stage must be arranged to admit the party's passing out at the right and re-entering at the left.



